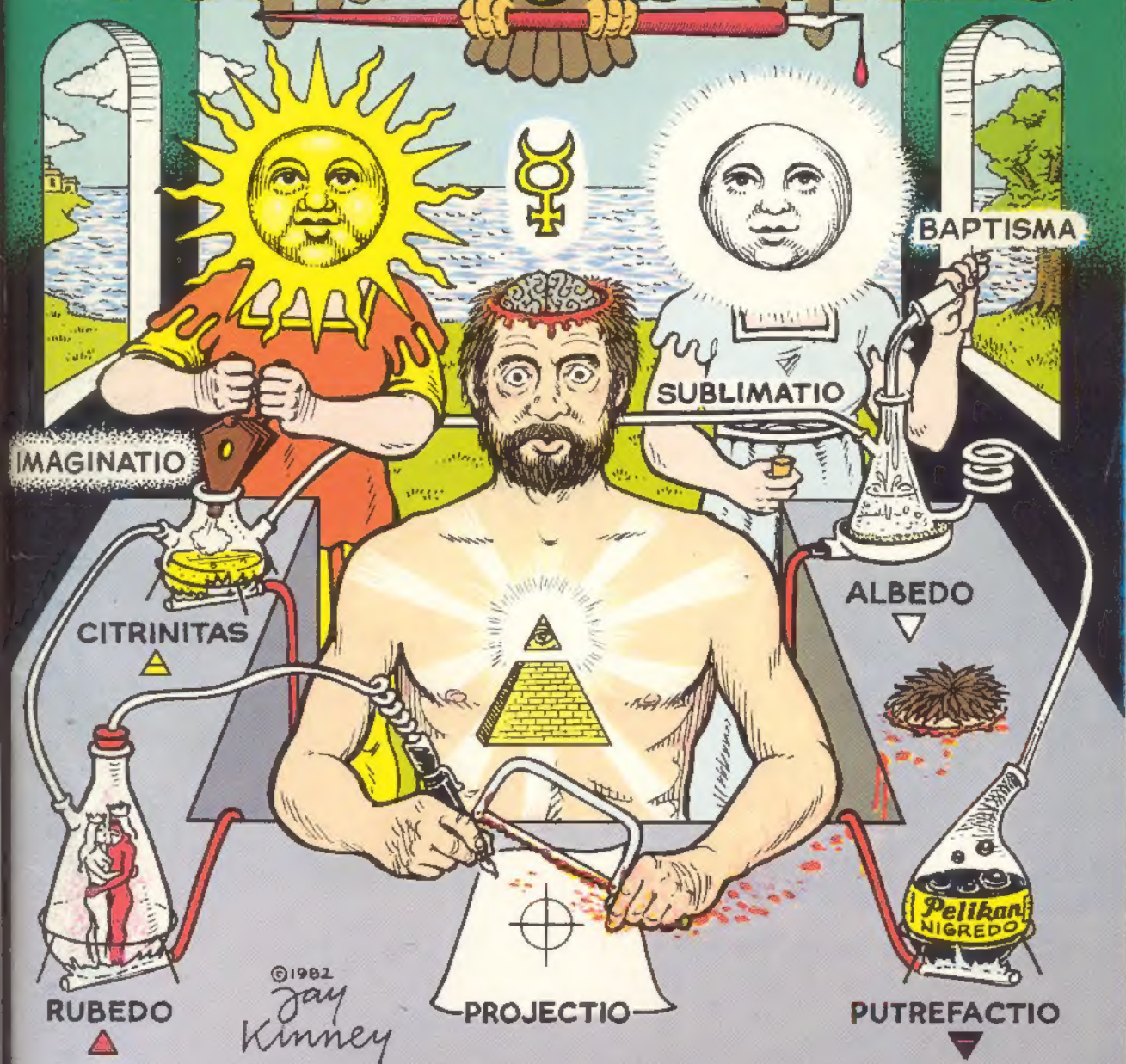


ERUPTIONS FROM THE UNCONSCIOUS

DR.

\$2.50

WIRTHAM'S COMIX & STORIES



DR. WIRTHAM'S COMIX & STORIES



#7 - CONTENTS - #8

- DEATH OF THE US MEMORIAL ISSUE -

"THE ALCHEMIST".....	01
- JAY KINNEY	
"DRAWN FROM AN ARTERY".....	01
- TERRY BEATTY	
"SICKY CLAWS CONQUERS THE WEIRD DICKS" 1	
- RICKEY GRIMES	
"MOTHER GOOSE".....	10
- ERIC VINCENT	
"WHITE FEATHER".....	18
- JOE ZABEL	
"THE HARVEST".....	32
- MARK NELSON	
"MISS STORY - HISS STORY".....	37
- OISIF ESAUX	
"IN OUR MIDST".....	43
- DOUG POTTER	
"BINARY SYSTEMS ANALYSIS PRIMER".....	46
- OISIF ESAUX	
"JUNGLE SUGAR".....	48
- ROBERT WILLIAMS	



DWC'S "96"

- AN ARTIST'S RAG -

"UNDILUTED PLUMBING
OF THE PSYCHOLOGICAL
DEPTHS"

JK.

- DEATH OF DR. WERTHAM MEMORIAL ISSUE -

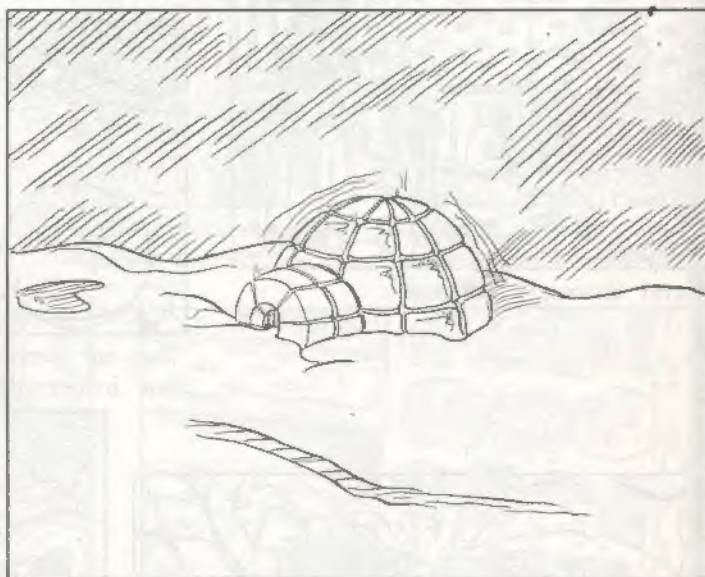
"DEATH TRIP".....	50
- AL SURGIS	
"SEE NO EVIL".....	53
- JIM RYAN	
"YIN-YANG / BARBARESSA".....	54
- JAY KINNEY	
"FILL HER UP / BEAVER LAKE".....	56
- BRADLEY BUDGETT	
"MURDER, MORPHINE AND MOTHER".....	58
- MIKE MATTHEWS	
"CRIME DOES NOT PAY".....	62
- MIKE MATTHEWS	
"HE TOLD ME TO FUCK OFF, SO...".....	66
- MIKE MATTHEWS	
"MARILYN MONROE".....	68
- MIKE MATTHEWS	
"THE MARILYN FILE".....	69
- TERRY BEATTY	
"HARLEY".....	73
- MIKE ROBERTS	
"SLEEPBALL".....	81
- PETER BAGGE	
"OBSESSION".....	86
- LOMAX & BRUCE V KALNINE	
"SHOOTY BEAGLE GOES TO THE MALL".....	93
- GREG BUDGETT & GARY DUMM	
"FRED THE COUCH".....	92
- BRUCE YOUNGER	
"YOU CALL THIS ART?".....	92
- BUDGETT & DUMM	

Sicky Claws ^{CONQUERS} the Weird Dicks! COLORING BOOK

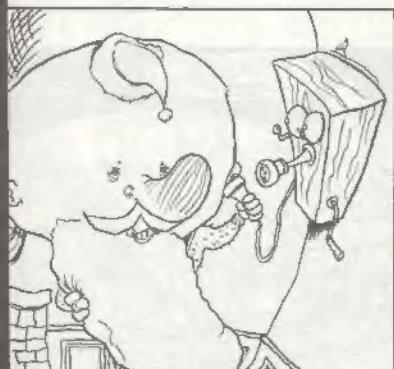
©1981 by
RICKEY
CRIMES



Sleeping off a hangover, Sick
Claws has dreams of vile
retribution.



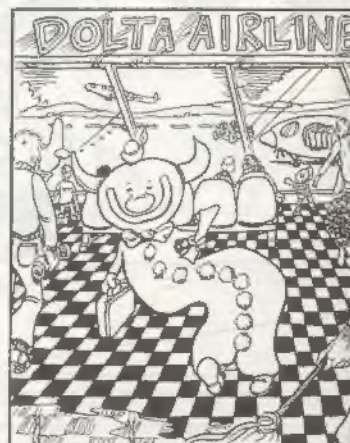
The Aurora Borealis lends a deceptive beauty to the
igloo of a benign spastic.



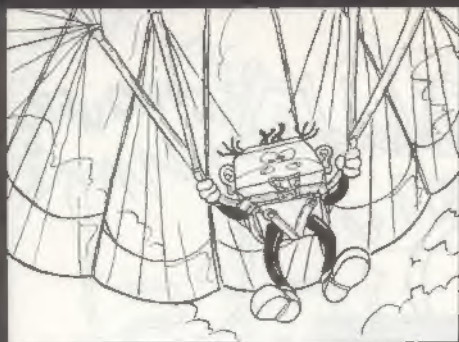
Upon reviving, he promptly
rings his old allies.



He starts with Nudolph and
Chatteredy Cathy Doll, whom he'd
cast outdoors in a booze-fit.



From around the world
they scurry;..



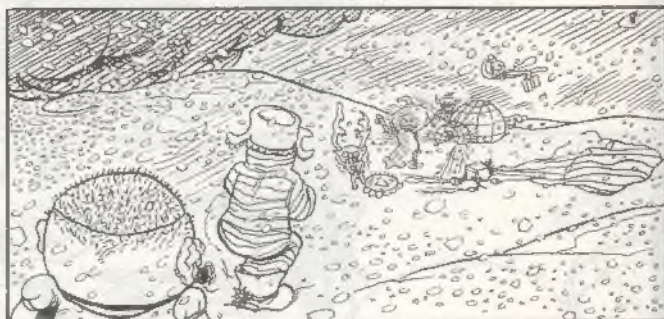
through sky...



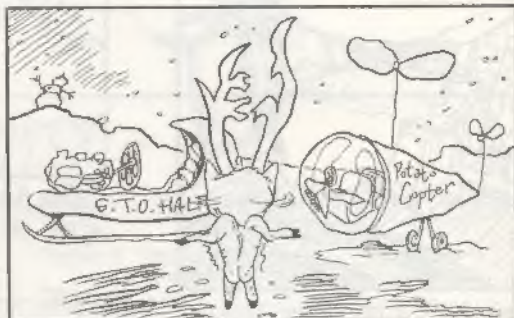
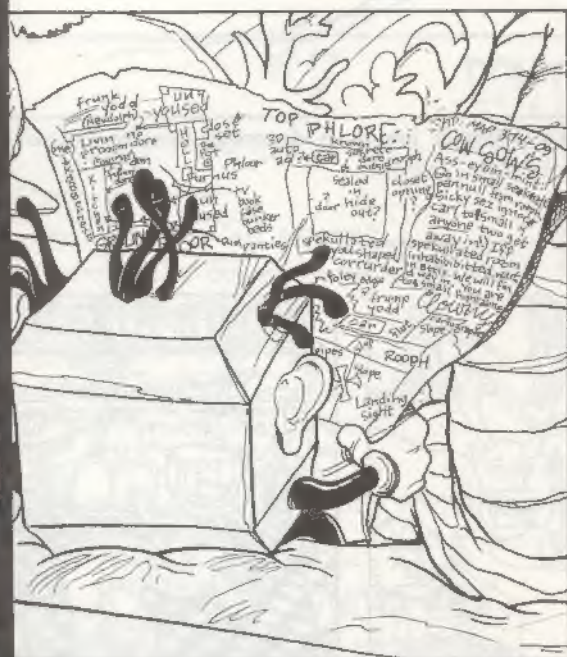
through desert...



and through luggage.



They all converge at Sick's igloo for a brief, but informative tête-a-tête.



Nuddolph questions which to use: sleigh or potato copter. Sick is opter for the copter.



A delicate three-point keeps their arrival a secret.

On the way, Cow Sow rescrutinizes his copy of the map to Weird Dick's.



Within, Stinely Stellwick, (that mahogany chickenhead), puts the finishing touches on the kitchenette: a rubber intruder arm applied via stereo gloves.



Mercifully, it is quick. The peanut tiles of Stinely's decorating days mock or lament.



And so they fail to see the burglar alarm paint which soon fades.



Clowny wiggles his way into the wall-less kitchen cabinets from outside.



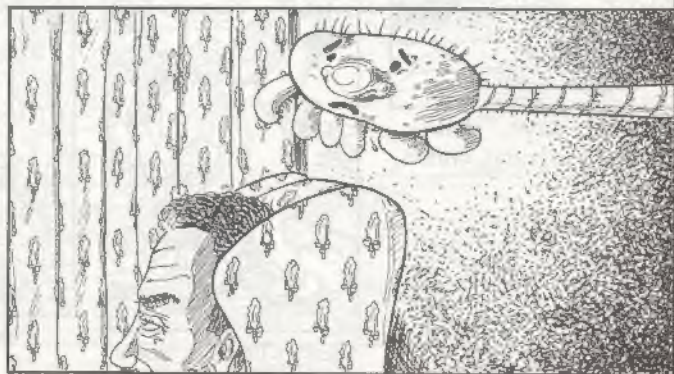
He lies quietly as Claws executes the main assault,



employing a deftly placed sledge hammer mitten as silencer.



Rubbered Hutton watches all channels; a Poodle Walkie Brother tosses and turns.



Seymour hovers at the end of a ropelike web.



The "spider's" sad, innocent features are a natural mask for slaver fang cusps. Hutton is terrorized out of his perennial lethargy.



A roused Walkie frantically pleads, "What can I do?! What can I do?!!"



Sicky uses the diversion to release new devils;



one being himself.



And there are hoofclops...



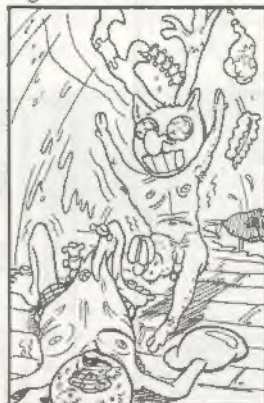
as Nudolph charges, having entered through the unbarricaded living room.



Nudolph says, "Helb! Sicky! I'm hung onniz spine!"



Sicky Claws braces himself.



Freedom!



The two compatriots dash to the hallway.



But they are unaware of the hand that groped lead statuette;



the Clown momentarily stunned as a worm, in a science fair maze, e'er it can begin its slinky rhythms;



and the race to a floor furnace foxhole by one beleaguered buffoon.



Cardboard visor down...



a brief but interminable wait...



Sicky and Nudolph blunder into his sights...



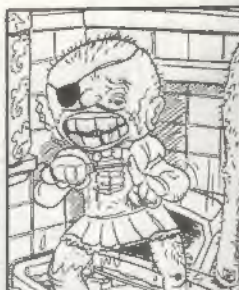
but the bazooka blown croquet balls are simply absorbed by so much embryonic dough.



Brown Pneumonia, the Hopping Mummy, intervenes with a well placed kick of his solitary galosh. The "Gas" is down for the count!!



The genial genie makes it a picnic.



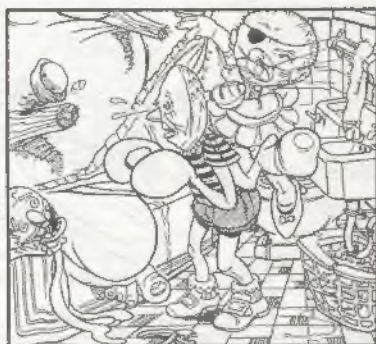
Tool or tooth?
Cathy takes his pick.



Peg Arms flails....



bashing bathtub with
Skinnever skull.



Foolishly immobilized by
the quaintness of his
chance plunge into the
dirty towels, Walkie is
wounded.



Peg Arms falls, tub- & turtle-helpless.
His obese carcass, stuck and suffocated,
proves his ultimate undoing.



A pick hole tunnelling his pancake-battered brain, the chocolatey child shuffles, inadvertently revealing the secret exit.



Peg Arms' final shriek goes unremedied as the thug dollie bandaids the stoney crack of his creepy cohort, brushing aside blood-dabbled curds with a sweatied + shuddery swipe of his plastic paw.



The slavering tribe converges precisely at once, yet...



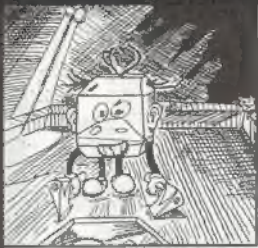
perfectly allowing just the number of seconds needed for a disaffected Cathy to clip-clop down the hallway.



Bustling Guncy, hiding in the hall closet, (even before the invasion), harriedly plucked the puttering Poodley into his retreat.



Sensing Cathy Doll's cold determination advancing, Guncy unwittingly gives the lobotomized lad a leg-up to final annihilation.



A patient Cow Bow hacks in his head.



Guncy is swallowed alive like any luminous fish.



The maniacs swiftly funnel in..



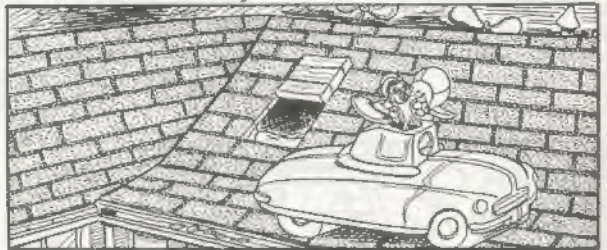
A domestic scene is near interruption: Fmeh watches consion television, (hemoglobin electrons in a bone-box unit), as Weird Dick paints ammunition.



At first sign of danger, Weird Dick gathers up Fmeh,



and firmly instructs him to...



leave in the balloonobile if he does not return in several seconds. Fmeh fearfully, but faithfully, obeys.



Weird Dick is overpowered and dragged into "the shop".



They give him strong add-vice...



and include a general ribbing.



Fneh can wait no longer. Things must be critical for this to've occurred at all

Sicky et al. are too weighed down by guilt + debauchery to rise to Fneh's capture

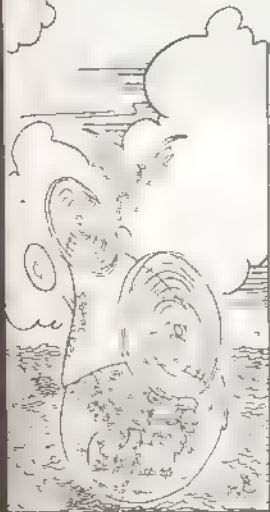


He can only imagine the fate of his martyred friend.

But, who cares? They'd nearly overlooked him completely. So, the Insane Ones do not fail to celebrate.



The ignominious igloo chills the notes of their songbook bound in Weird Dick skin, amid the orgasmic orchestrations of a contrite Clowny. Break out the urine-nog!



Mother Goose

The old and young she both delights

SCOTCH CHAPBOOK - 1817



Scholars have long studied the evidence for a historical Mother Goose, with several convincing possibilities now popular. Among these are two Berthas: Queen Bertha, wife of Pepin and mother to Charlemagne and Bertha, wife of Robert II of France ("Robert the Pious", c. 970-1031).

Queen Bertha became known to her subjects as Bertha au Grand Pied, or Queen Goosefoot, or Goose-footed Bertha, because of the size, or possibly the shape, of her feet. The other Bertha, wife of Robert the Pious, was so closely related to her husband that their marriage provoked his excommunication from the Catholic Church. It is rumored that the offspring from this near incestuous union was a monster, supposedly with a head of a goose.

Gradually the term "Mother Goose" came to mean a teller of tall tales, with the first published reference to the term in 1680 in *La Muse Historique* in the line "Like a Mother Goose Story." Queen Bertha is represented in French legendry as incessantly spinning, surrounded by children she is entertaining, with her stories, thus the French custom of referring to a tall tale as one told at the time Grand Queen Bertha spun.

The material presented here is drawn from *The Annotated Mother Goose*, William and Cecil Baring-Gould, Bramhall House, 1962.

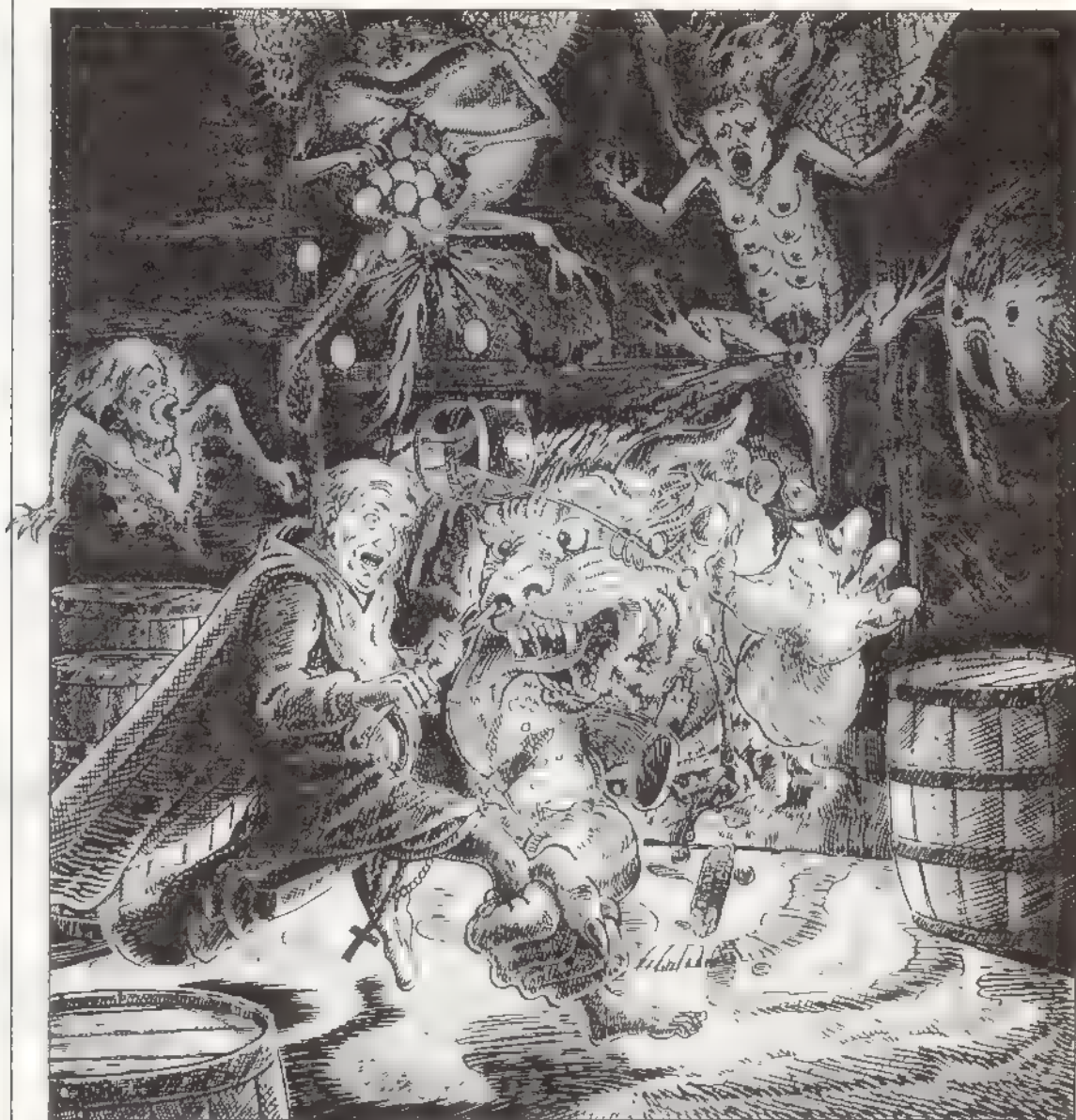


*Off high diddle, diddle,
The Cat and the Fiddle,
The Cow jump'd over the Moon,
The little Dog laugh'd,
To see such craft,
And the Dish ran away with the Spoon.*

Of all the possibilities concerning the source of this rhyme I find the ideas of Katherine Thomas the most interesting. Those in and out of the English Court even before the time of Henry VIII, were often dubbed with ridiculous nick-names. Queen Elizabeth I was known as "the Cat" due to the manner in which she toyed with her Cabinet, as if her ministers were so many mice. Thomas claims the fiddle is a reference to Elizabeth's pleasure at dancing, even into her middle years, to fiddle music in her private quarters.

The elaborate charades she staged at Whitehall and Hampton Court could be the source for the cow's incredible feat. The "Little Dog" may be Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, who Elizabeth considered marrying. She told a French ambassador that, "He is like my little lap dog." "The Dish" here was a formal title given to the courtier who carried certain golden dishes to the state dining room, "The Spoon" the young lady chosen to be taster at royal meals. This reference could be to the secret marriage of Edward Earl of Hertford and Lady Katherine Grey, both confined to the tower for seven years upon discovery by Her Majesty.

Then again this and all the other scholarly effort could be nonsense as the editors of the *Oxford Dictionary of Nursery Rhymes* have pointed out.



*St. Dunstan, as the story goes,
 Once pulled the devil by the nose,
 With red hot tongs, which made him roar,
 That could be heard ten miles or more.*

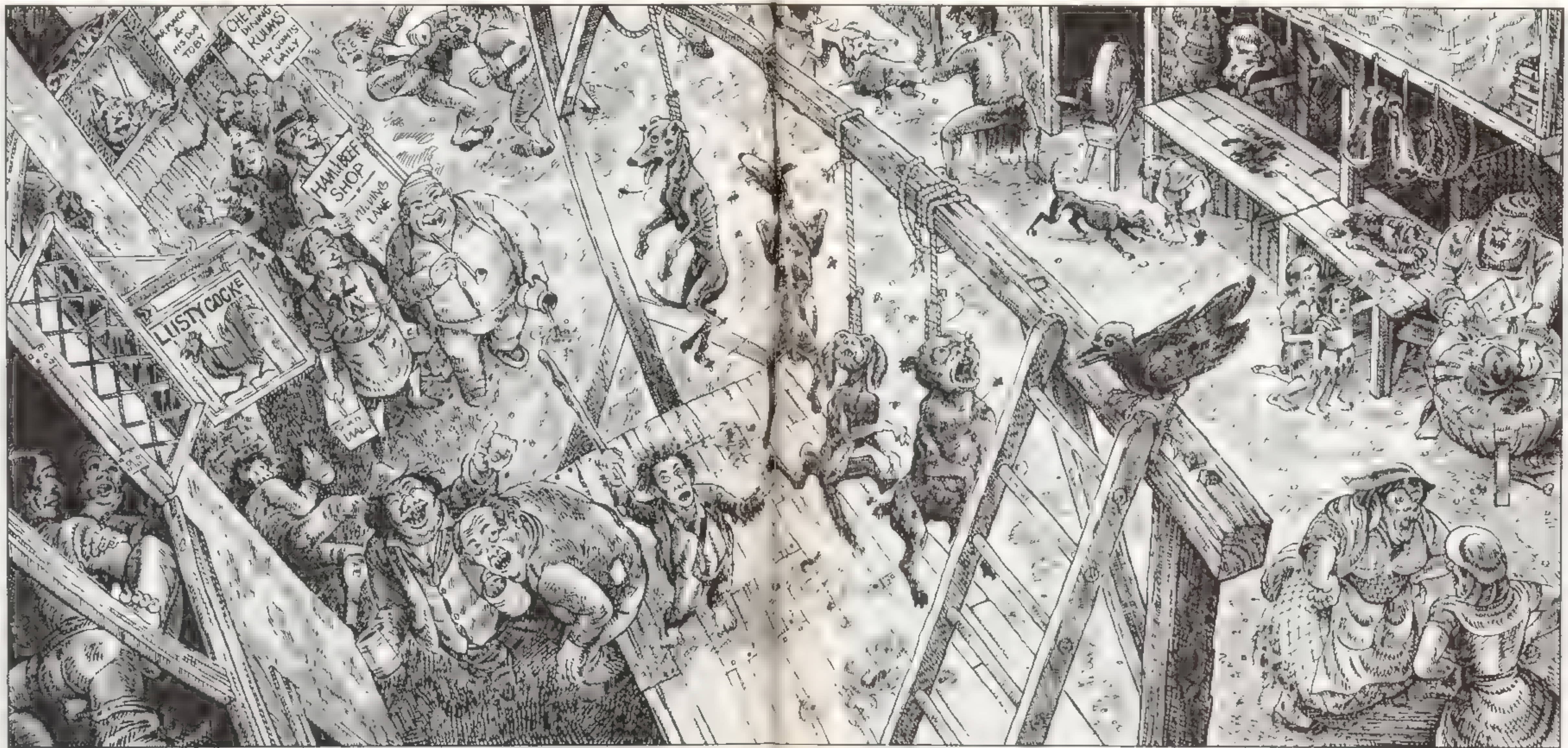
St Dunstan (924-88) Abbot of Glastonbury and chief minister to King Edred, decided to set himself up as a brewer. As legend has it, he sold his soul to the devil in exchange for an annual Spring frost severe enough to ruin the apple crop and end the production of cider, the competitor of beer. Furthermore, during the three days ending on St. Dunstan's Day, May 19th, the devil agreed to keep his end of the bargain forever.

Old illustrations depict a leathery Satan struggling at the end of the Abbot's tongs, but judging from the final outcome of the deal, this image could be more accurate.



*Where am I,
Little Jumping Joan;
When nobody's with me
I'm all alone.*

Since "Jumping Joan" was a common seventeenth century term for a lady of dubious virtue, it is possible that this "nursery rhyme" is actually the introductory song for a character in a mammer's play. Baring Gould refers to the last two lines as a "self evident proposition" — something very popular in the oral tradition of our ancestors. Re-stating what is patently obvious supplied the humor.



*Barnaby Bright he was a sharp cur,
He alway would bark if a mouse did but stir;
But now he's grown old, and can no longer bark,
He's condemn'd by the parson to be hang'd by the clerk.*

Of all the vices contained in the body of "Mother Goose" material, cruelty to animals rates high in frequency and variety. These two rhymes demonstrate a common practice now forgotten. Domestic animals guilty of maiming or killing human were regularly tried in criminal courts of ancient Greece and medieval Europe. Smaller animal offenders were tried by ecclesiastical courts. From the 9th to the 19th century we have records of 144 successful prosecutions, though this is considered to be only a fraction of the actual litigations.

*I'll sing you a song:
The days are long,
The woodcock and the sparrow,
The little dog has burnt his tail,
And he must be hanged tomorrow.*

For example, on May 25, 1595, a dog by the name of "Troevettie" was hung on a gallows with a string after a proper trial. He had inflicted a fatal injury on a child's finger. In 1714 all the mastiffs in Syracuse were hung because they attacked a priest, and in 1771 a dog belonging to a Farmer Carpenter was tried in Chichester. This custom could be the source, as Baring-Gould surmises, of our expression "a hang-dog look".

Another rhyme goes: Swing'em, Swang'em, bells at Wrangham/ Three dogs in a string, hang'em, hang'em



*Piss a Bed,
Piss a Bed.
Barley Butt,
Your Bum is so heavy
You can't get up.*

Not surprisingly, this is an old nursery rhyme that has been suppressed. It first appeared in Tommy Thumb's *Pretty Song Book*, (1774) published in London by Mary Cooper. This is probably a taunt used by children, though the first image to come to my mind was an erotic etching by Thomas Rowlandson entitled, "The Old Husband". Hogarth, Rowlandson and Cruikshank all delighted in satirizing nobility and clergy who were grossly overweight and sickly, helpless victims of their own appetites. Combining elements from several of the Rowlandson prints, our gout-ridden, ailing old husband is wondering why his young wife doesn't answer his bell and what is all that giggling about?



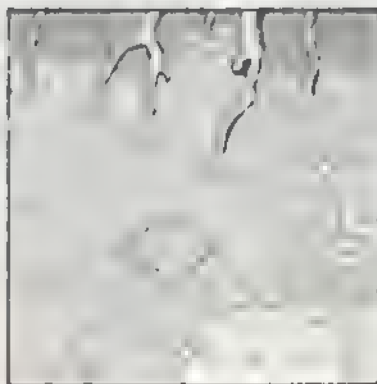
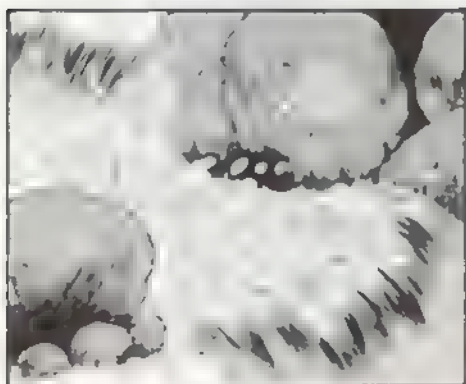
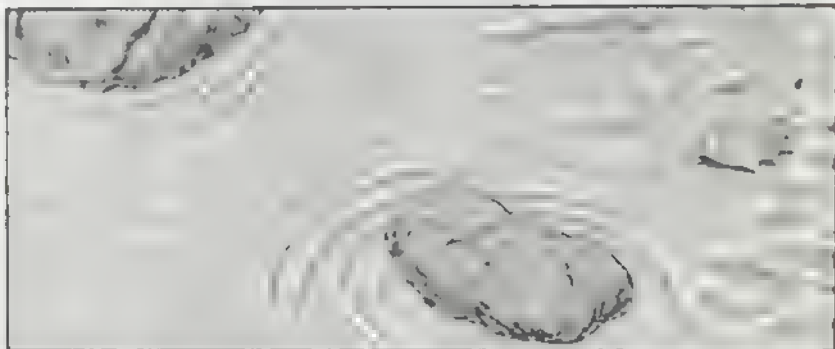
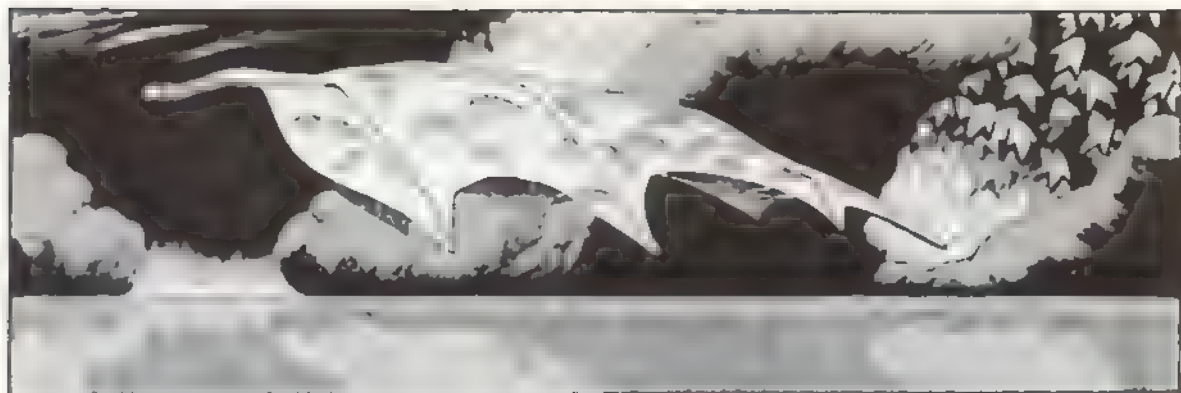
*Young Roger came tapping at Dollys window,
 Thumpaty, thumpaty, thump
 He begged for admittance she answered him, No.
 Glumpaty, glumpaty, glump
 My Dolly, my dear your true love is here.
 Dumpaty, dumpaty, dump.
 No, no, Roger, no, as you come you may go,
 Stumpaty, stumpaty, stump*

This rhyme is probably a fragment of some earlier love ballad. It is used to "knee-trot" a child, bouncing him up and down on the knee in time with the words. As you may have noticed, the picture has little to do with the rhyme.

It is important to remember the value of our oral traditions, especially in a time when we are starved for a racial, shared memory, for things we can do that evoke our past and give us continuity. The pleasure of singing a song, reciting a poem or rhyme, or dancing a dance the way those long silent did is distinctly human. Those who have tried and who continue to try to sanitize our history, our speech and our art commit a very special and contemptible act of brutality.

Those with no past have no future.

ERIC VINCEP-1982

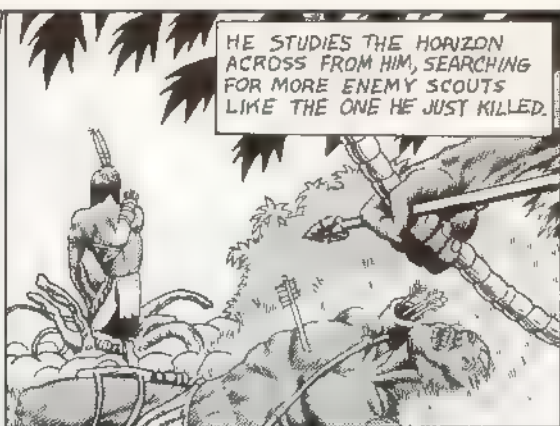


HE CROUCHES ON THE
ROOTS OF A DEAD TREE
OVERTURNED FROM ITS
MOUNT AT THE EDGE
OF THE CLIFF.



W
H
I
T
E
F
E
A
T
H
E
R

HE STUDIES THE HORIZON
ACROSS FROM HIM, SEARCHING
FOR MORE ENEMY SCOUTS
LIKE THE ONE HE JUST KILLED.



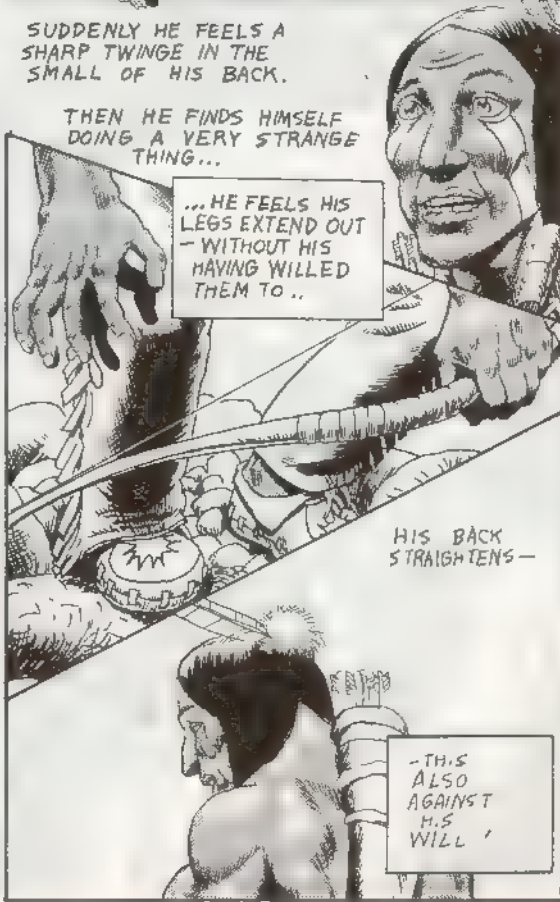
HIS EYES PAUSE ON A
PASSING WATERFOWL
STROKING ITS WINGS
THROUGH THE AIR.



SUDDENLY HE FEELS A
SHARP TWINGE IN THE
SMALL OF HIS BACK.

THEN HE FINDS HIMSELF
DOING A VERY STRANGE
THING...

... HE FEELS HIS
LEGS EXTEND OUT
- WITHOUT HIS
HAVING WILLED
THEM TO ..



HIS BACK
STRAIGHTENS -

- THIS
ALSO
AGAINST
HIS
WILL -

THEN, AS IF SOME ENCHANTED FORCE WERE GRIPPING HIM, HIS HEAD BEGINS TO PULL BACK...



HIS PRIZED WHITE FEATHER COVERS HIS EYE. THE FEATHER GLOWS IN THE SUN, AND HE CAN SEE THE DARK CORE OF ITS QUILL. THE NOONDAY SUN SHINES THROUGH WHEREVER IT IS FLAWED WITH A HOLE.

EVERYTHING SEEMS TO TRANSPIRE VERY SLOWLY TO HIM, YET HE KNOWS THESE THINGS ARE HAPPENING AS QUICKLY AS THE SNAPPING OF A BOW STRING. HE THINKS OF THE WHITE FEATHER...

THE FEATHER IS CHARMED. WHEN HE WEARS IT, HIS EYES AND EARS WORK VERY QUICKLY. HE CAN SUBDUCE A WILDCAT WHILE DEFTLY AVOIDING ITS SLASHES, OR TRACK A DEER THROUGH THE FOREST WHILE SPRINTING TO OVERTAKE IT. HE CAN EVEN CATCH A FLYING ARROW!

ALL OF THESE POWERS HE HAS GIVEN UNSELFISHLY TO THE GOOD OF THE TRIBE.



THE FEATHER
LIFTS FROM
HIS FACE...

... AND THE SUN BEATS
DOWN INTO HIS
EYES...

.. HIS BODY BEGINS CURLING
UP, ONCE MORE AGAINST HIS
WILL. THE LANDSCAPE COMES
INTO VIEW. HE FEELS AN
ACHING IN HIS CHEST AND
WONDERS WHAT IS THE MATTER
WITH HIMSELF.

HE NOTICES SOMETHING
DRIFTING IN THE AIR.
SOMETHING SHINY
AND RED...

BLOOD!

THE MUSCLES OF HIS
NECK CONTRACT, AND
HIS CHIN SLOWLY COMES
TO BEAR ON HIS COLLAR
BONE... HE SEES THE
SOURCE OF HIS PAIN
AND JERKING MOTION —

PROTRUDING FROM
HIS CHEST IS
THE HEAD OF
AN ARROW!



THE PRESSURE ON THE
BOTTOMS OF HIS FEET
LIGHTENS AS HE TIPS
FORWARD OVER THE EDGE.

HE REACHES OUT BY REFLEX
TO STOP HIS FALL, BUT THEN
STIFFLES THE MOVE.

THE REALIZATION SINKS
IN WITH UNEXPECTED
CALMNESS AND PEACE.

WHAT AM I DOING? I'M
ALREADY DEAD!

DEAD.

DEAD!

BUT I FEEL NO
FEAR OF IT!

IT IS AS IF, THROUGHOUT MY LIFE,
ALL FEAR HAS BEEN ROOTED IN A HOPE
FOR ESCAPE, FOR SURVIVAL!

WITHOUT THAT HOPE, I
NO LONGER FEAR!

HE COLLECTS HIMSELF AND RELAXES COMPLETELY.
THE ACHING IN HIS CHEST SEEMS MILD NOW, AND
DISTANT.

DO I HAVE TIME TO
UTTER THE DEATH CHANT?

AYE...
AYE-YA...
AAY...

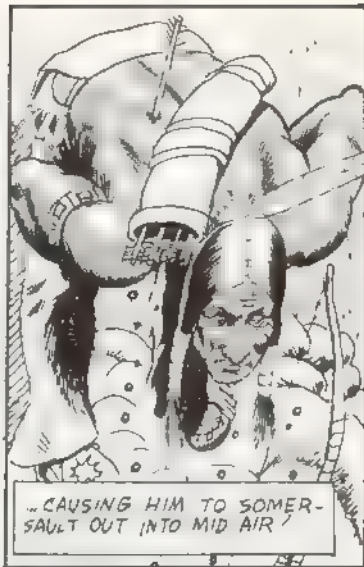
AAY, AYE-YA,
AYE-YA...



ANOTHER CONVULSION
TAKES HOLD OF HIM...



.. HIS CHEST MUSCLES
BEGIN CONTRACTING...



... CAUSING HIM TO SOMER-
SAULT OUT INTO MID AIR



FROM HIS NEW POSITION
HE CAN SEE BEHIND
HIM.

MY
MURDERER!

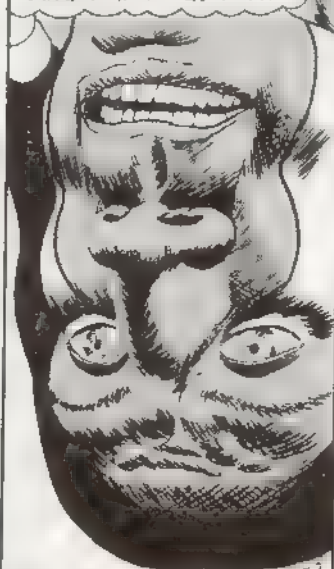
BUT WHEN HE SORTS OUT THE
DETAILS OF THE INVERTED
FIGURE ...



THIS IS NOT
AN ARCHER
FROM THE
ENEMY
TRIBE!

IT IS MY
OWN HUNTING
COMPANION,
RUNNING DEER!

HE MUST HAVE TAKEN
AN ARROW FROM THE
DEAD MAN'S QUIVER!



WHEN HE SHOWS THE
TRIBE MY BODY, THEY WILL
NO DOUBT LINK THE ARROW
WITH THE ENEMY TRIBE!



HIS VIEW OF
RUNNING DEER IS
ECLIPSED BY THE
TREE TRUNK HE IS
FALLING PAST.

THE TREE TRUNK SEEMS RIGHTED NOW, AS IF ITS ROOTS WERE DEEP IN SOIL AND ITS BRANCHES STILL MINGLED WITH THE WIND.

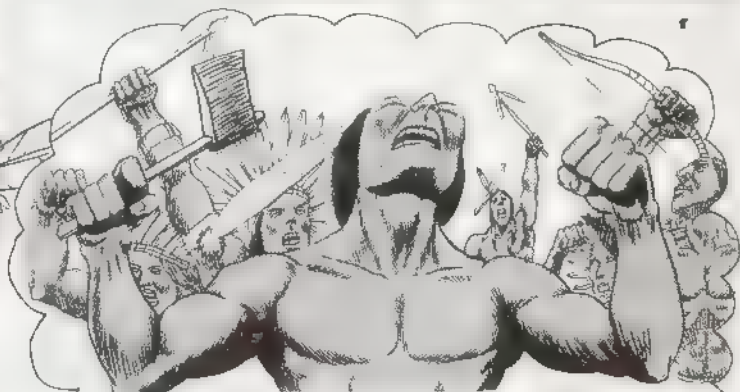
RUNNING DEER!
THE FOUL
TRAITOR!

I CAN EASILY GUESS
WHY HE MURDERED ME!
HE IS IMPATIENT TO
INHERIT THE WHITE
FEATHER!

HE'LL SOON FIND THE
FEATHER YIELDS NO
MAGIC TO THE TWISTED
OF HEART!



AND YET, THE FEATHER WILL
GIVE HIM POWER...
POWER OVER THE TRIBE!



POWER TO SATISFY HIS MATERIAL LUSTS,
OR DRIVE THE PEOPLE INTO FOOLISH
WARS!

HOW COULD I BE SO
BLIND? I BEFRIENDED
RUNNING DEER OUT OF
RESPECT FOR HIS FATHER,
BUT NOW COULD I HAVE
DEEMED HIM WORTHY TO
BE MY HEIR?



EVEN IN THINKING
THE QUESTION, HE
KNOWS WHY...

UNDER THE POWER
OF THE FEATHER,
HE HAS BECOME
STRANGELY
DETACHED..



SO POSSESSED
IS HE BY THE
GRACEFULNESS
OF MOTION, THAT
HE LOSES THE
MEANINGS BEHIND
THOSE MOTIONS!

WHEN THE
WIFE OF RUNNING
DEER SUFFERS
HER HUSBAND'S
TEMPER, HE
READS ONLY THE
ARC OF DESCENT...



... NOT THE
CHARACTER
BEHIND IT!



A WAVE OF SELF-CONTEMPT
SWEEPS OVER HIM

I AM LIKE THE INVERTED
TREE BEFORE ME - I HAVE
PLANTED MY ROOTS IN
SHIFTING SOIL!

AND NOW I KNOW THE
AGONY OF THAT TREE!
IT IS NO LONGER ROOTED,
YET IT HAS NOT CRASHED
TO THE GROUND!

I, TOO, AM WITHOUT
PEACE. BUT TO PROTECT
THE TRIBE FROM RUNNING
DEER'S TREACHERY I AM
POWERLESS!

HIS BODY ROTATES AS
HE FALLS, AND HIS FACE
TILTS TOWARD THE SUN...

ITS RAYS BLIND
HIM.

BY REFLEX HE BEGINS LIFTING HIS LEFT HAND
TO SHADE HIS EYES.

MY ARM! IT CAN
MOVE!

HIS RIGHT EYE IS MOMENT-
ARILY SHAPED FROM THE
SUN. IT IS THE WHITE
FEATHER, PUSHED
FORWARD BY THE AIR HIS
BODY IS CUTTING THROUGH.

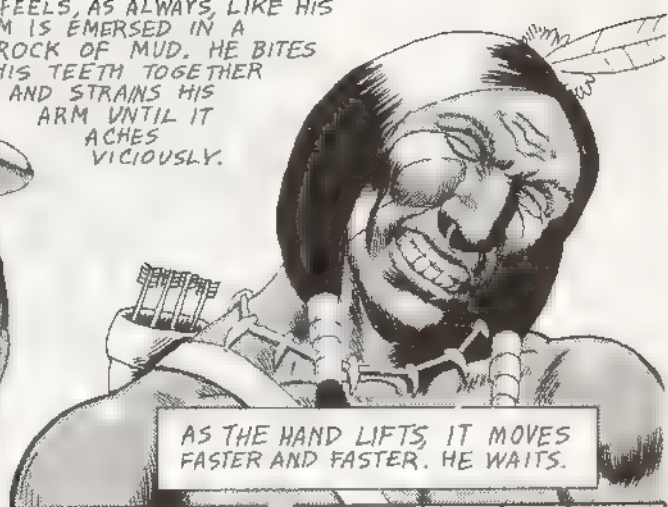
BUT WHAT GOOD
CAN THAT DO?

NOW IT SWAYS BACK
AND SUNLIGHT ONCE AGAIN
FLOODS HIS VISION.

AND SUDDENLY HE REALIZES HE
MUST REACH FOR THAT FEATHER!



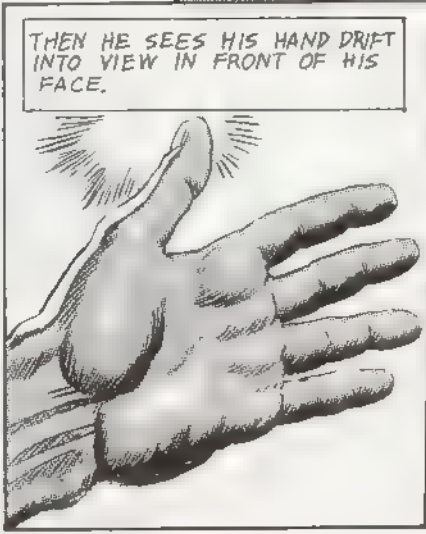
IT FEELS, AS ALWAYS, LIKE HIS ARM IS EMERSED IN A CROCK OF MUD. HE BITES HIS TEETH TOGETHER AND STRAINS HIS ARM UNTIL IT ACHES VICIOUSLY.



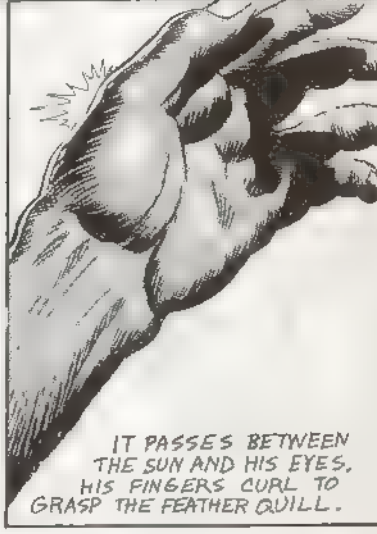
AS THE HAND LIFTS, IT MOVES FASTER AND FASTER. HE WAITS.



A VAGUE SHAPE ENTERS THE LOWER LIMITS OF HIS VISION.



THEN HE SEES HIS HAND DRIFT INTO VIEW IN FRONT OF HIS FACE.



IT PASSES BETWEEN THE SUN AND HIS EYES. HIS FINGERS CURL TO GRASP THE FEATHER QUILL.



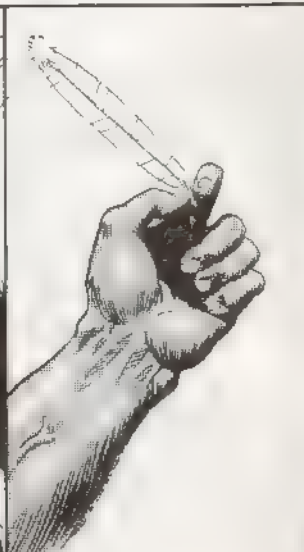
THE TIPS OF HIS FINGERS SLIDE ALONG THE HARD SURFACE OF THE QUILL.



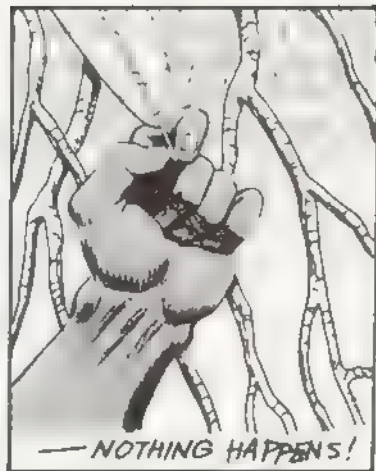
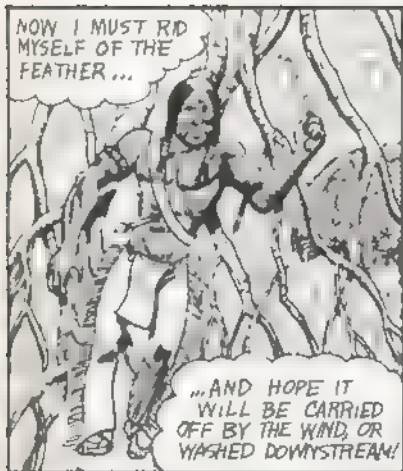
THE QUILL IS CRUMPLING SLIGHTLY BETWEEN HIS FINGER AND THUMB.



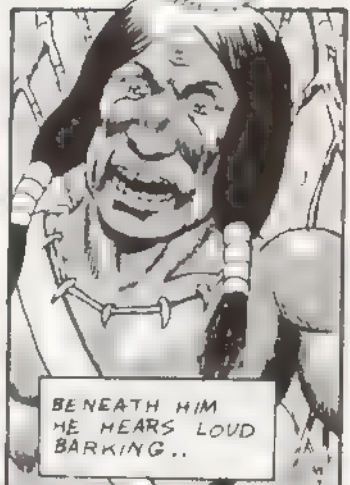
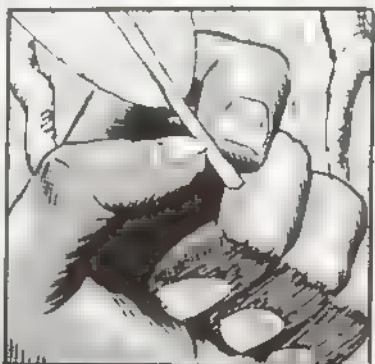
HE FEELS THE VIBRATIONS OF THE QUILL'S TIP DRAGGING ACROSS THE TEXTURE OF IT'S WOVEN CASING



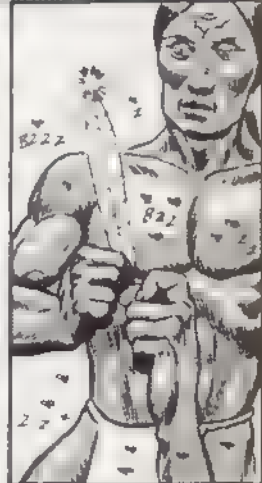
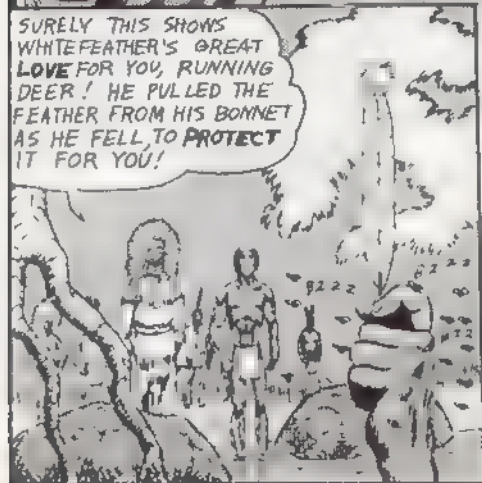
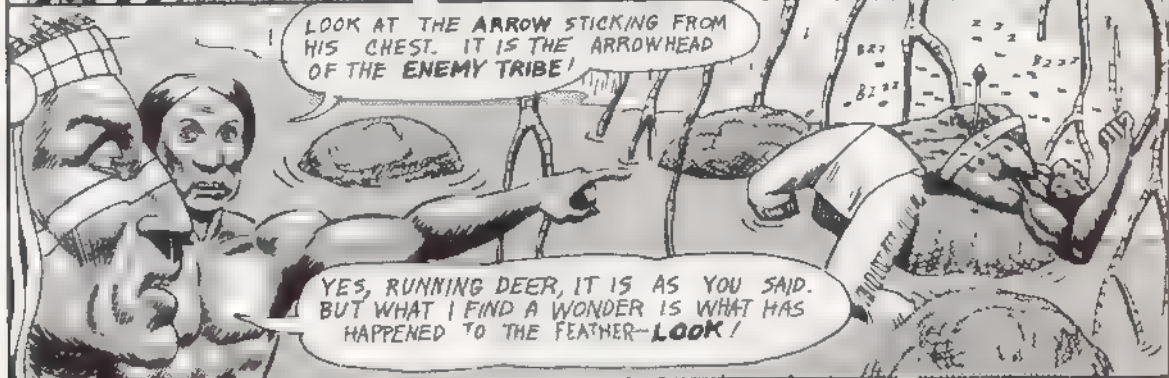
THE FEATHER IS FREE IN HIS HAND!

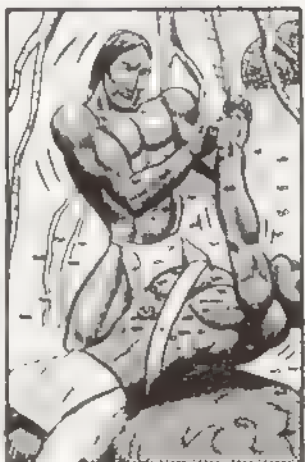
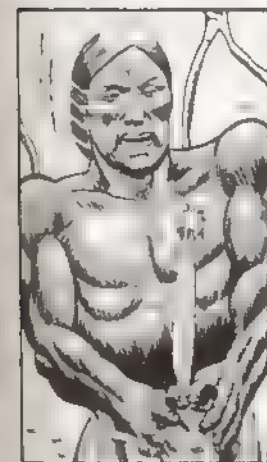
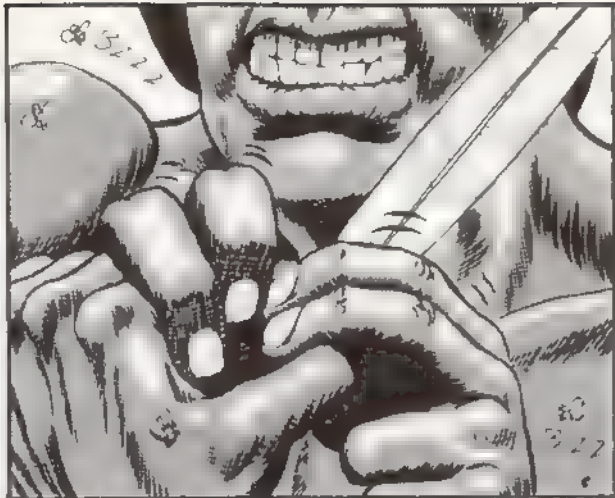


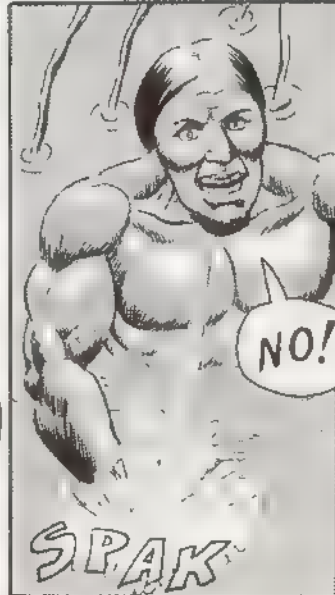
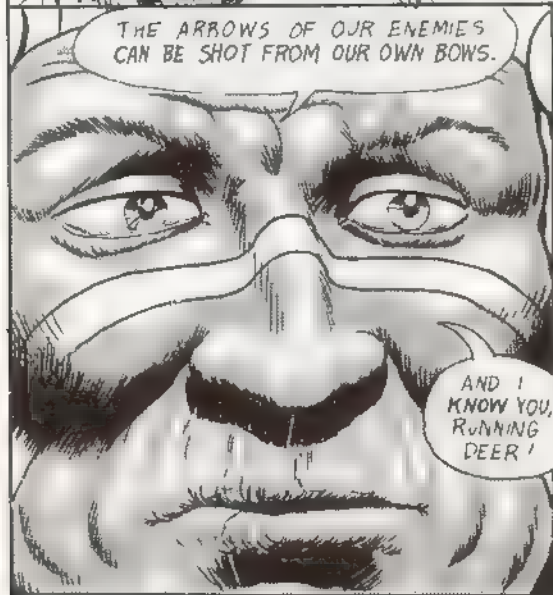
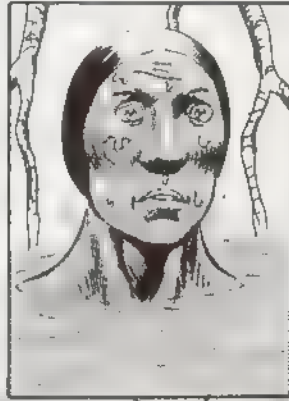
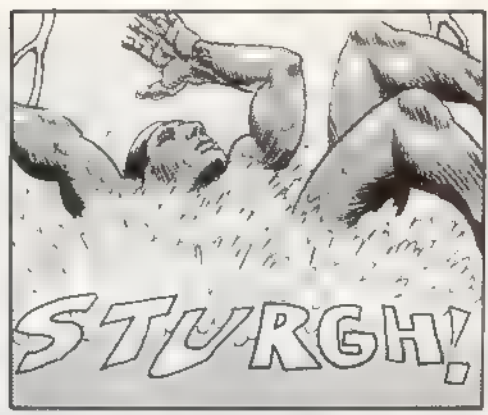
HE TRIES TO MOVE THEM AGAIN, BUT THE BEST HE CAN DO IS SQUEEZE TIGHTER. AN IDEA FLASHES IN HIS MIND, BUT VANISHES BEFORE HE CAN SEIZE ON IT.

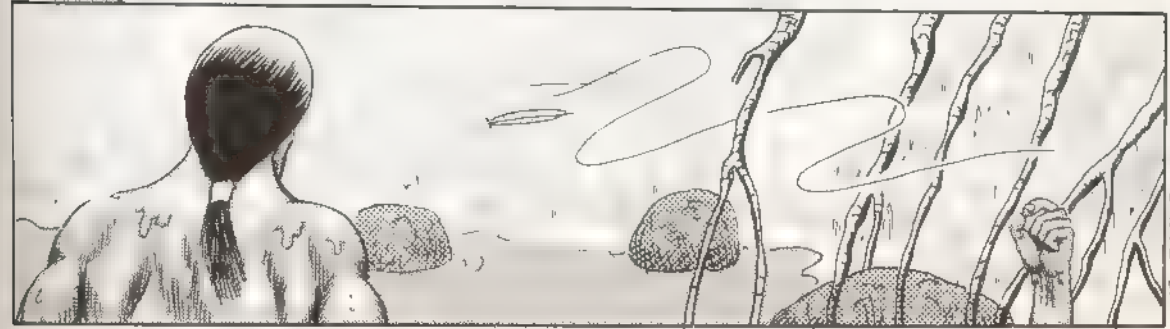
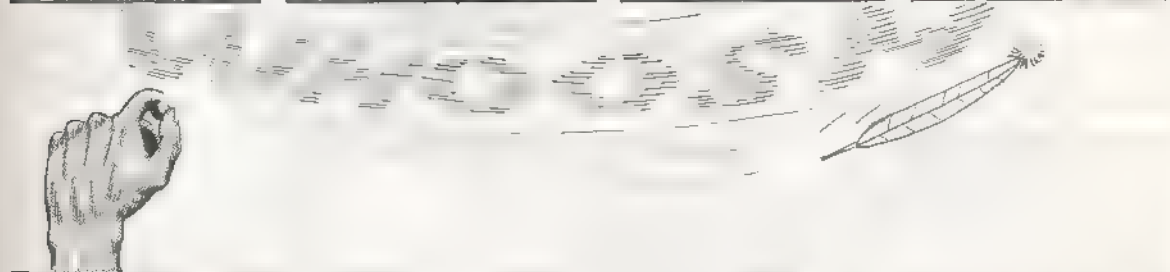
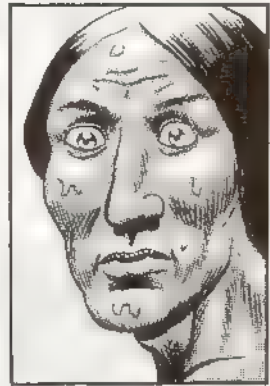
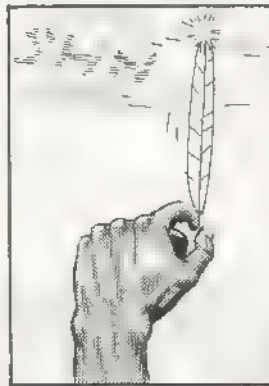
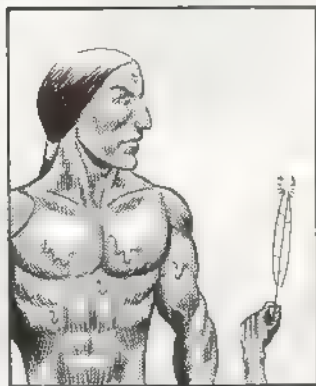
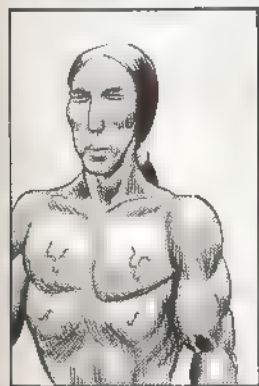


EPILOGUE









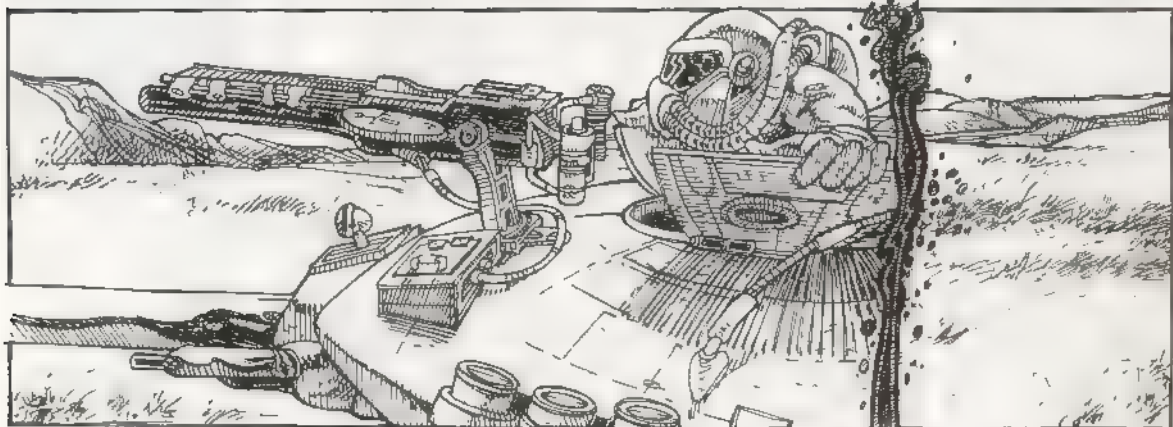
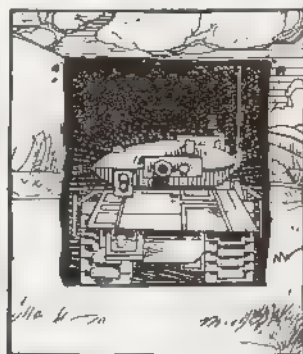
THE END

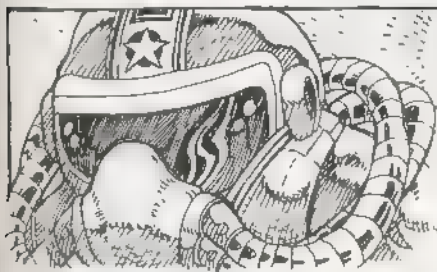
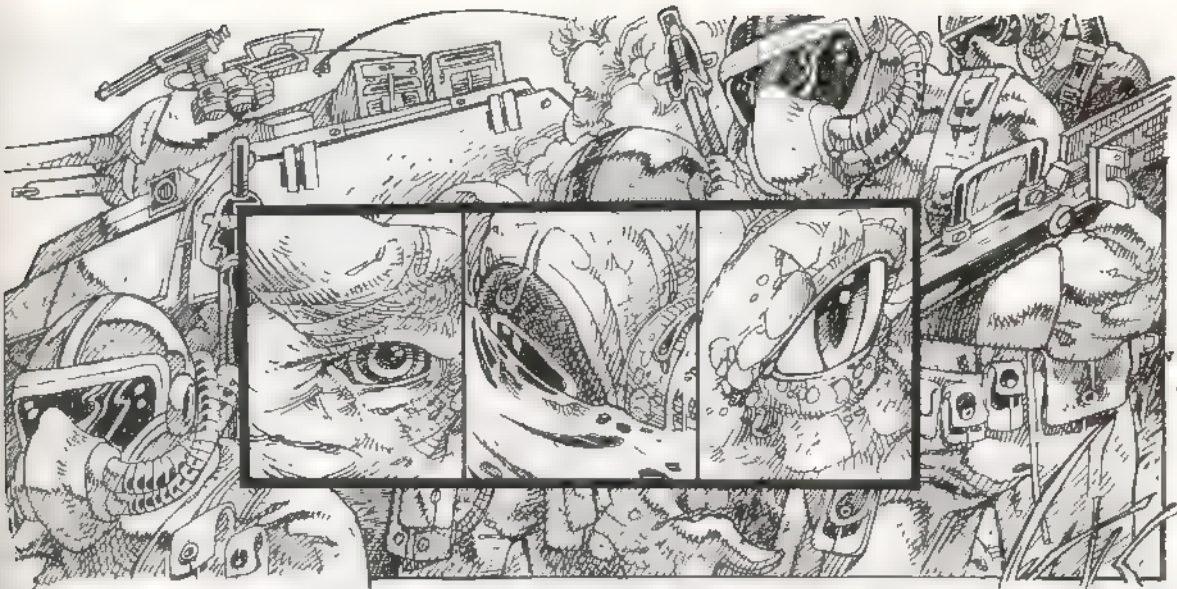
24621.81



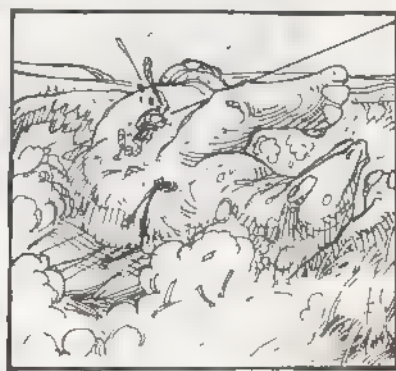
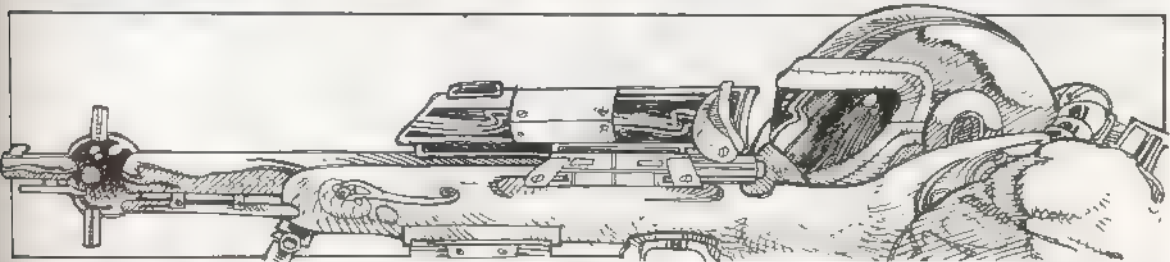
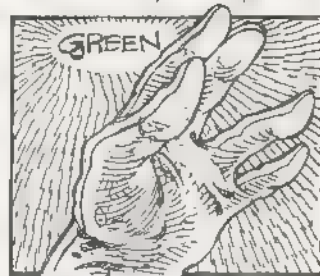
THE HARVEST

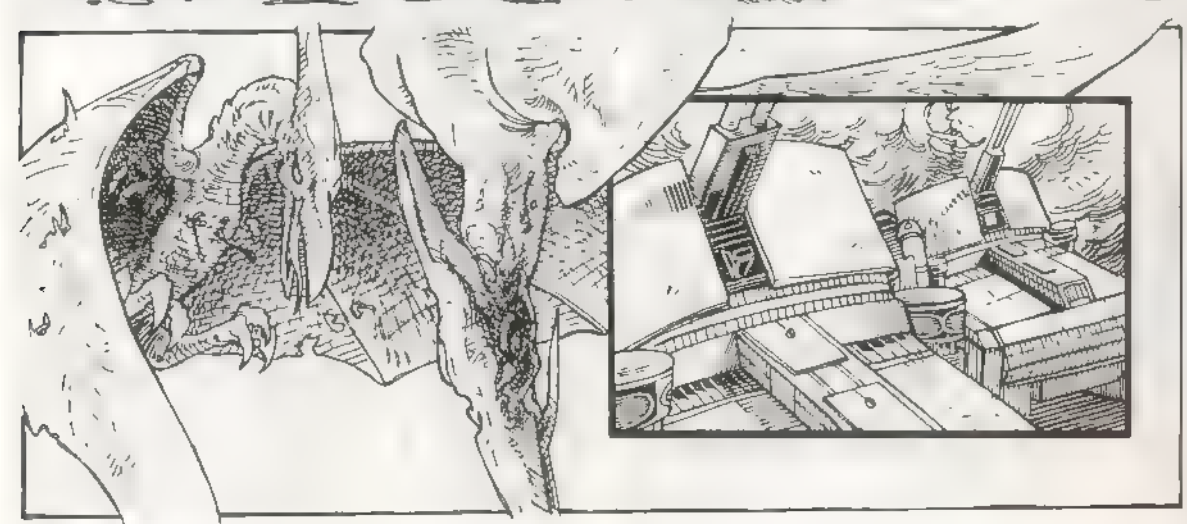
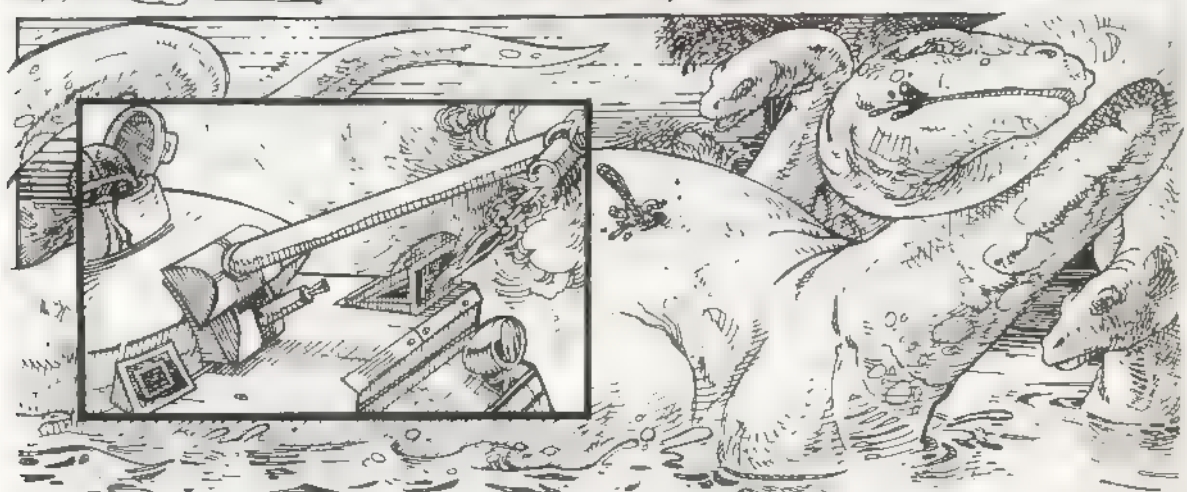
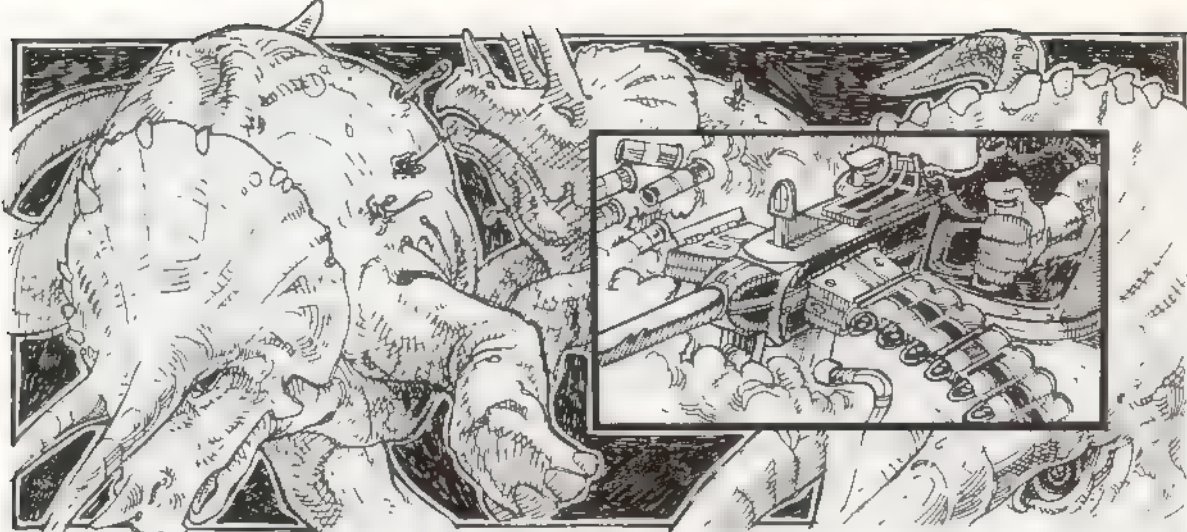
MARK A. NELSON 1981/2

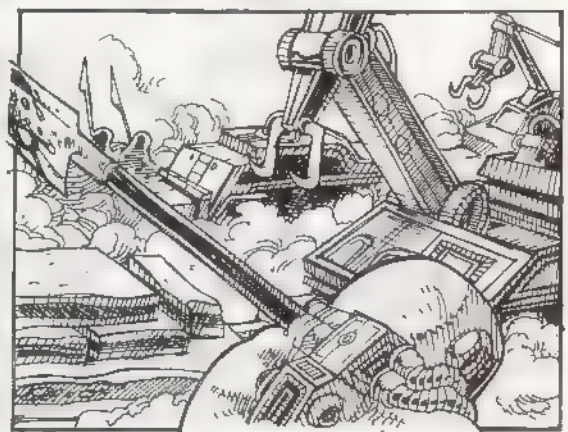
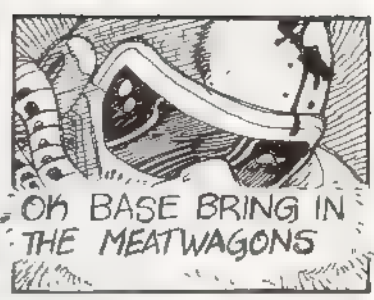
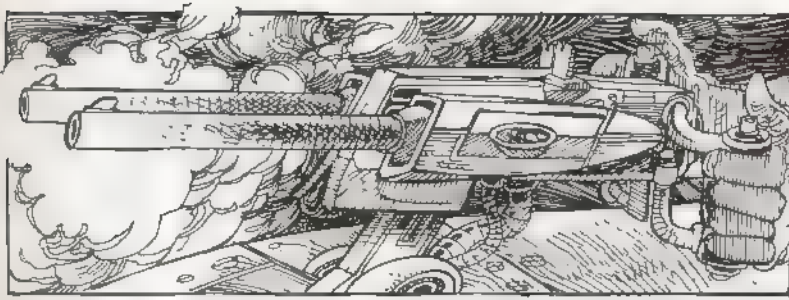


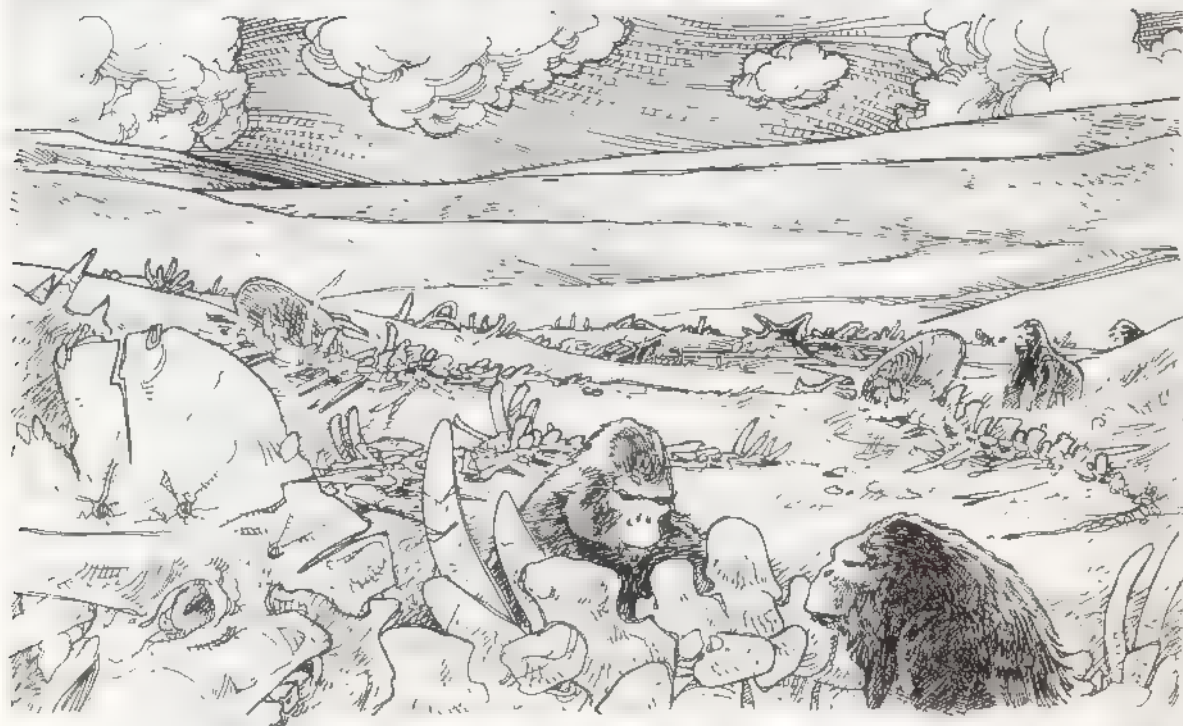
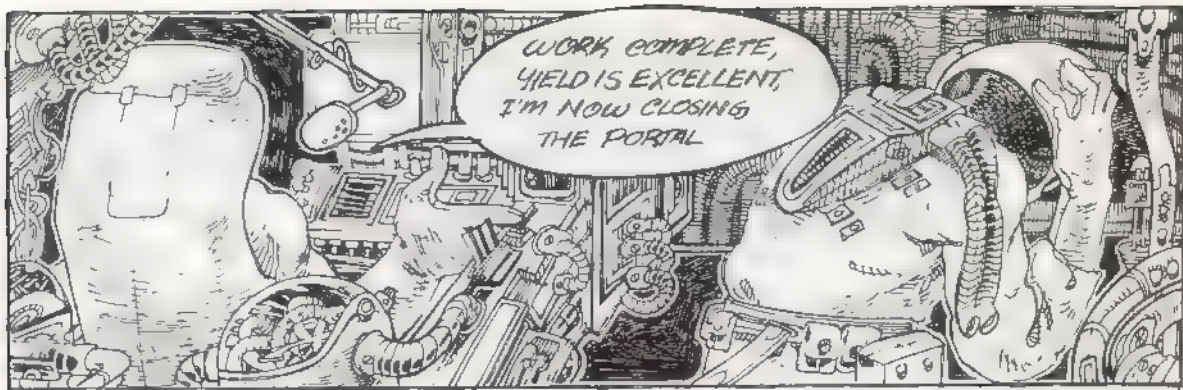


SECTOR A-HAR SQUAD
HAS PRIMARY SNIPER IN
POSITION AWAITING ORDERS
OVER- CLICK-
BASE TO A-H SQUAD,
PROCEED, OVER.

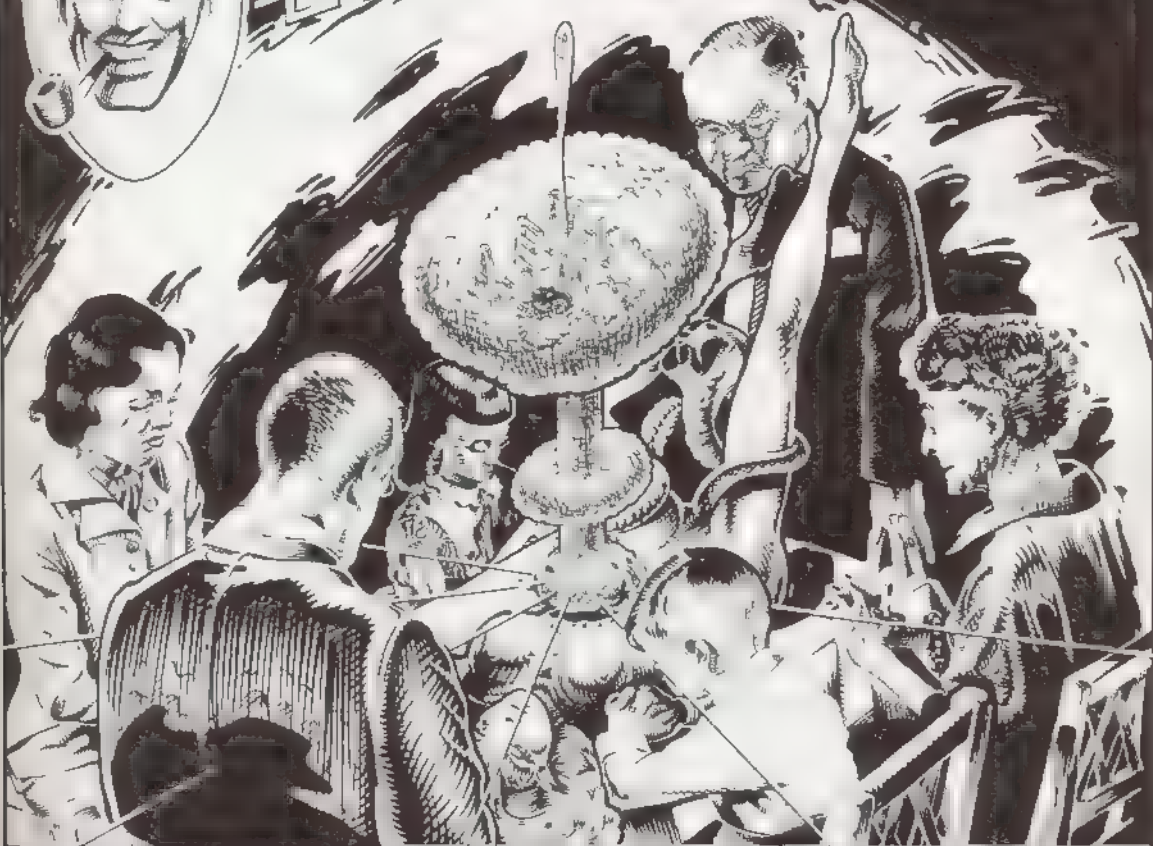








— 124 —

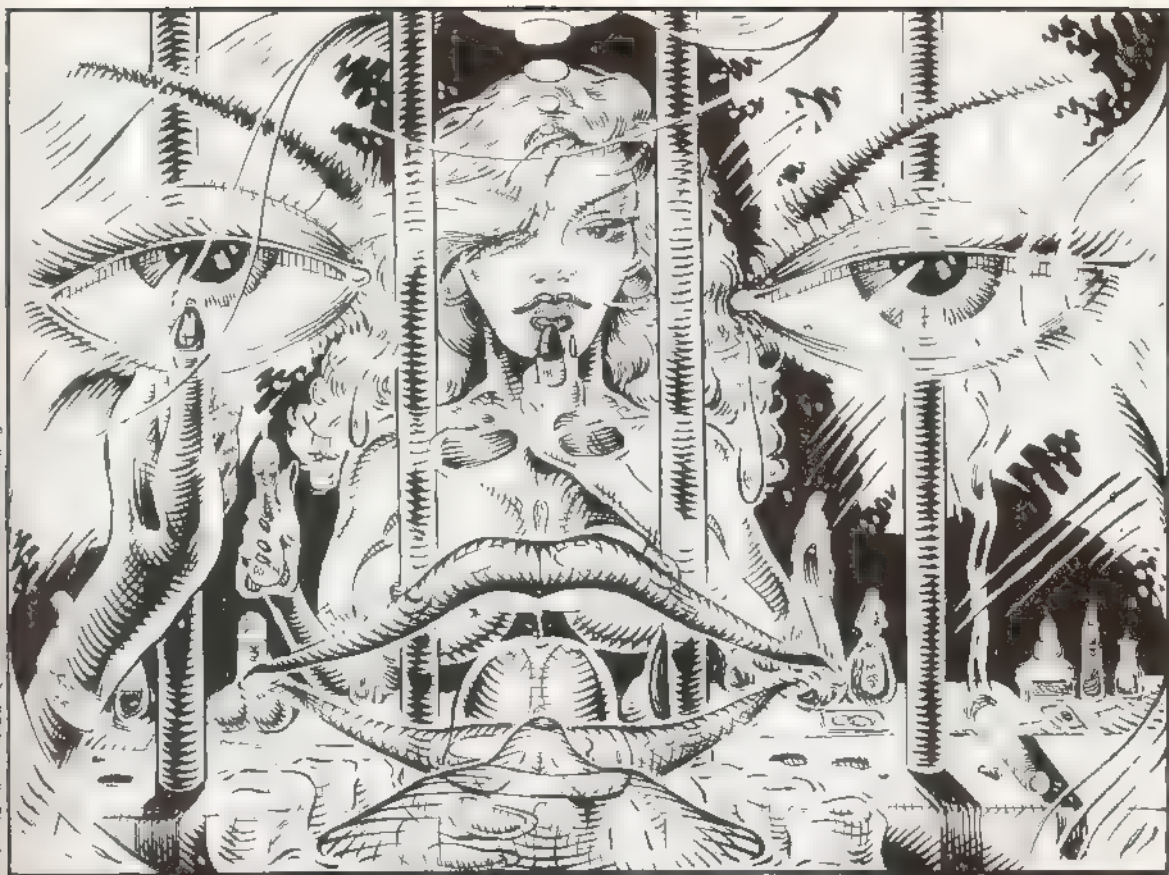


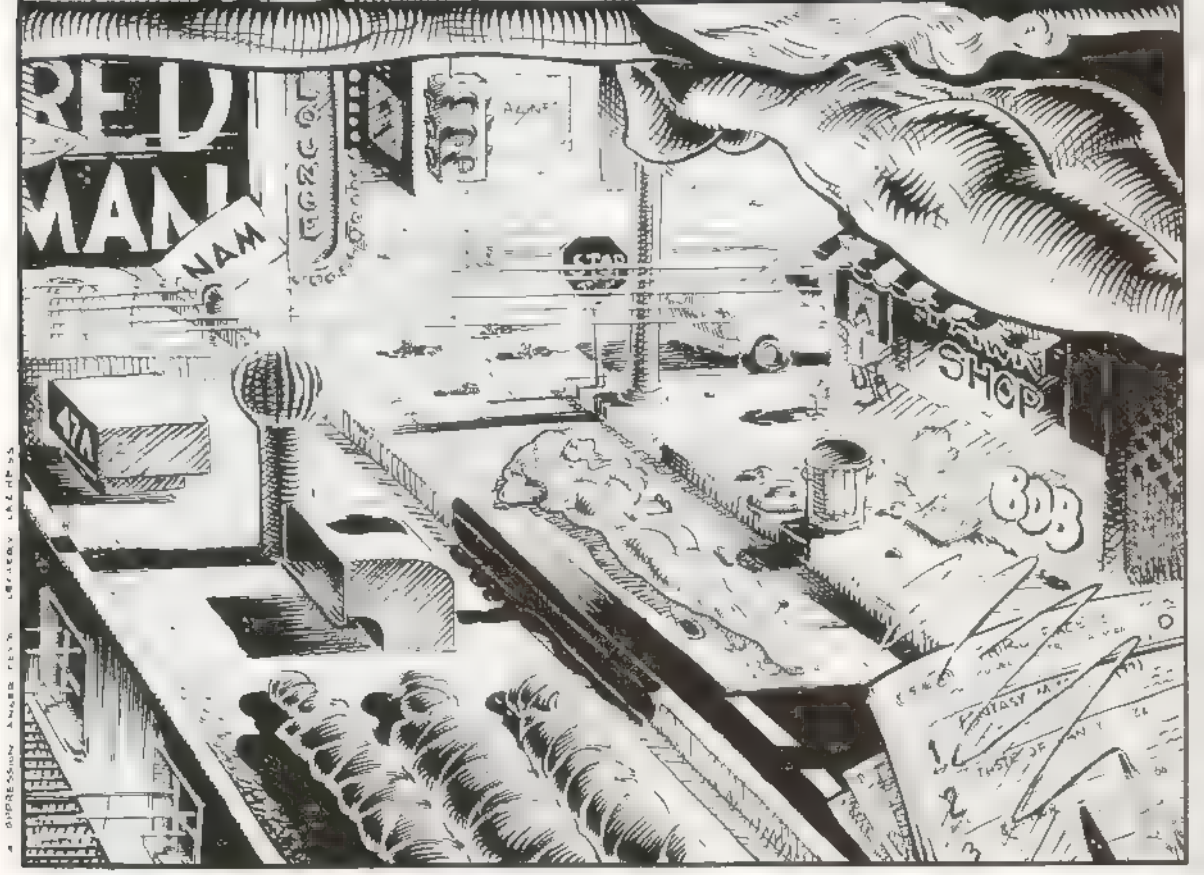
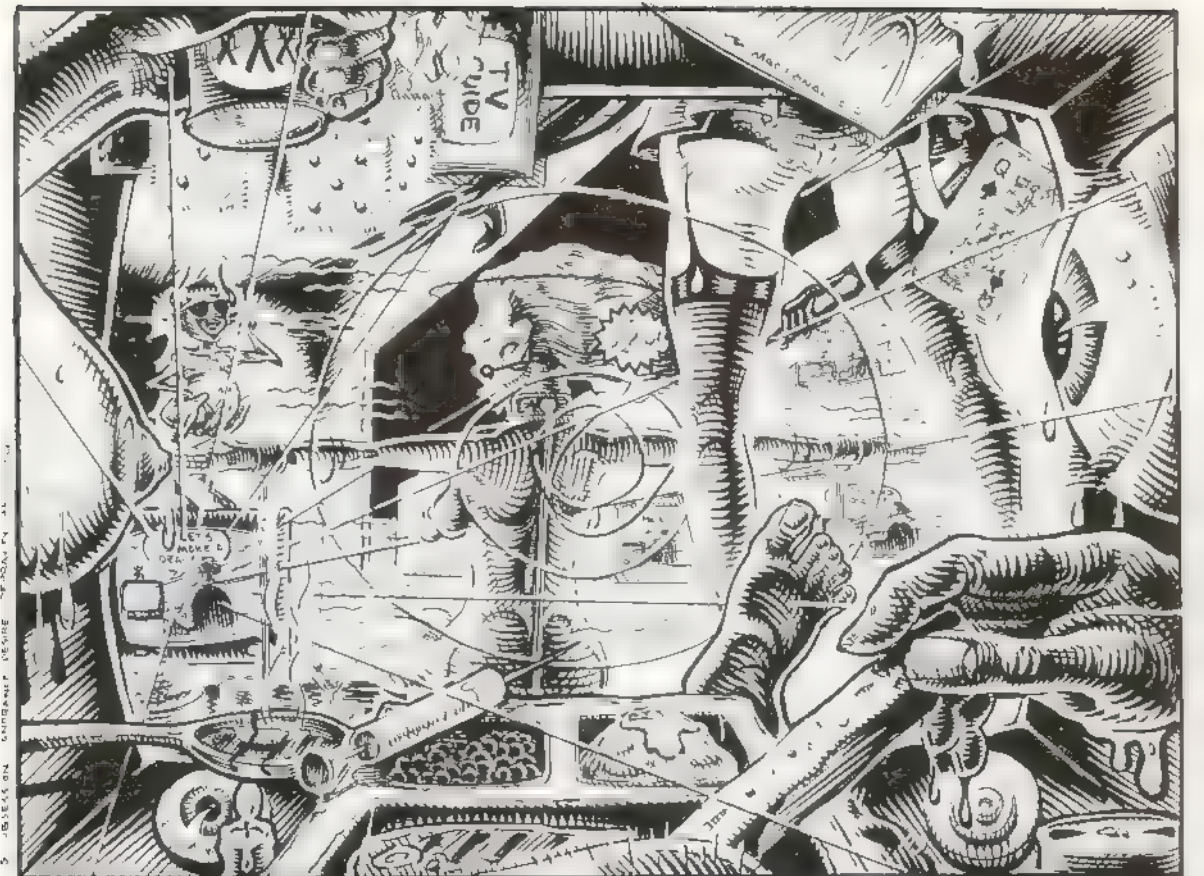
STEWART

2 EDL A L N LUBEN K A L Y 8 ANNON IN G 54E

2 EDL A L N LUBEN K A L Y 8 ANNON IN G 54E

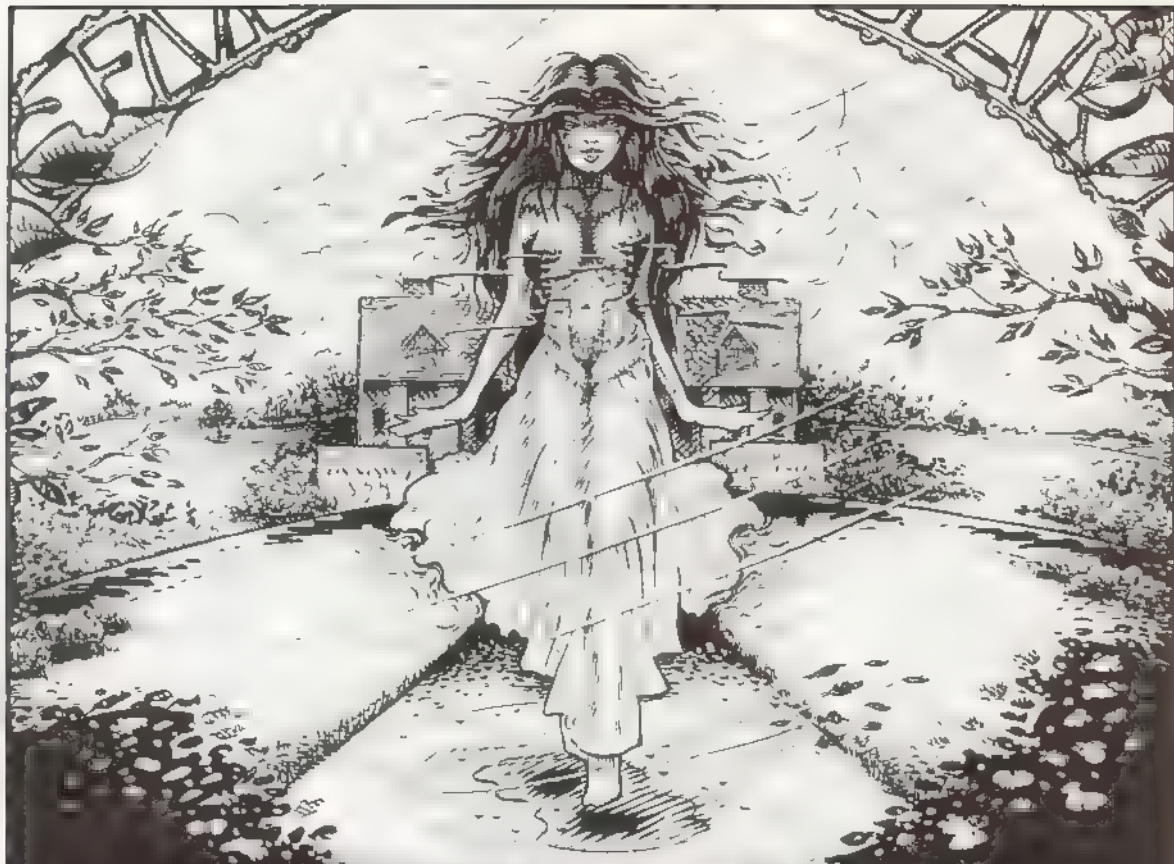




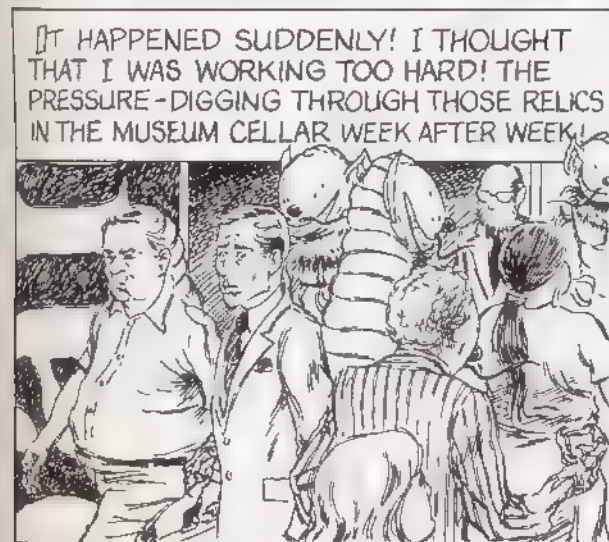


5 - JEROME ON COMPANY DESIGNED - NEW YORK, NY, AS

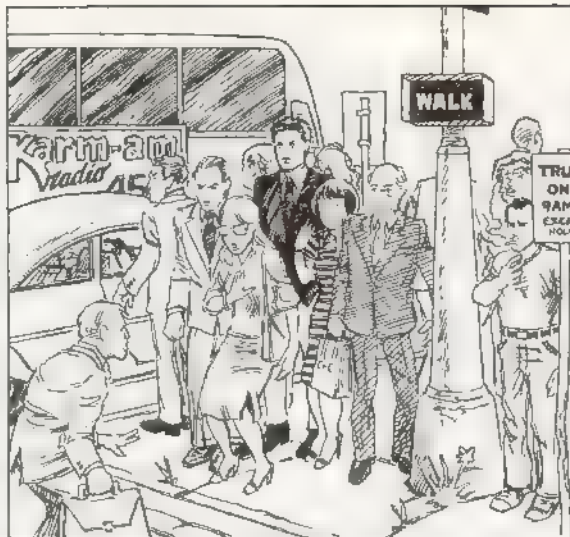
4 - DISPRESSION ANDERSON FELIX - CLEVELAND, OH, 1955



in our midst



WHEN I TURNED
TO FACE THEM-



THEN THE
DREAMS STARTED.



MY WORK IS
SUFFERING,
DOCTOR. I LOOK
FOR THEM
ALL THE TIME!

IT'S ONLY A
MILD CASE OF
PARANOIA
STEMMING FROM
YOUR ISOLATED
WORKING
ENVIRONMENT.



YOU HAVE TO
GET OUT MORE,
SOCIALIZE AND
COUNTERACT
THAT ISOLATION.

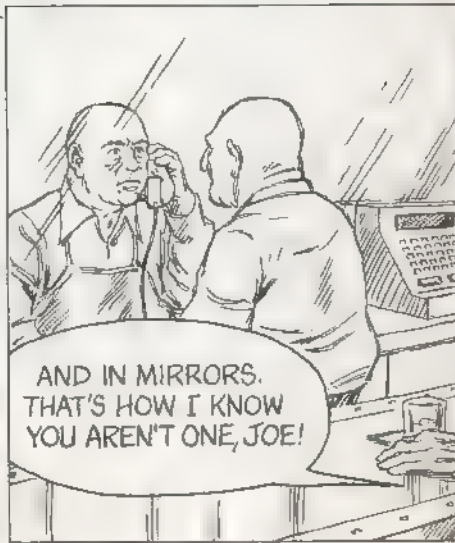


I THOUGHT I COULD
LOSE THEM IN AN
ALCOHOLIC STUPOR...

LIKE YOU SAID, IT GOT
WORSE! NOW I CAN SEE
SEE THEM CLEARLY IN
MY PERIPHERAL VISION...



AND IN MIRRORS.
THAT'S HOW I KNOW
YOU AREN'T ONE, JOE!



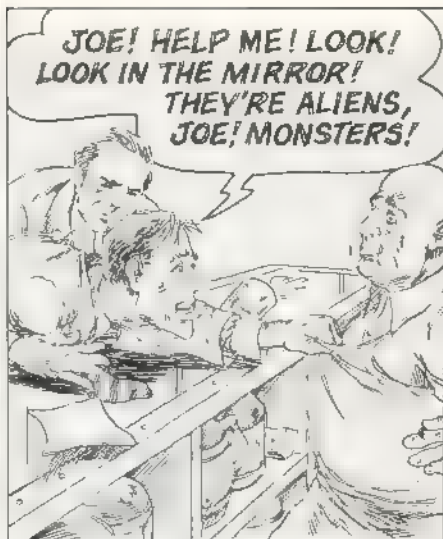
THEY'RE WATCHING ME, TOO, NOW! THEY KNOW I CAN SEE THEM! THEY'RE AFTER ME!



COME QUIETLY NOW YOU'VE HAD ENOUGH OF THAT STUFF!



JOE! HELP ME! LOOK! LOOK IN THE MIRROR! THEY'RE ALIENS, JOE! MONSTERS!



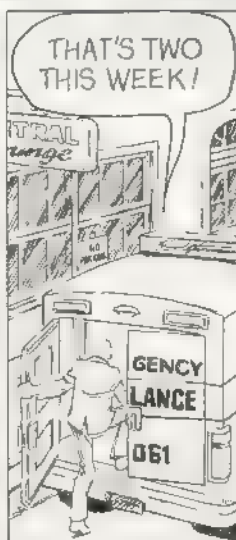
OH, MY GOD I NEVER NOTICED BEFORE.



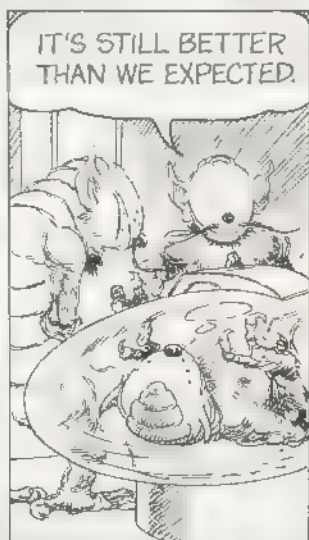
SO AM I!



THAT'S TWO THIS WEEK!



IT'S STILL BETTER THAN WE EXPECTED.



ODDS ARE THE REPLACEMENT WILL BE OKAY.



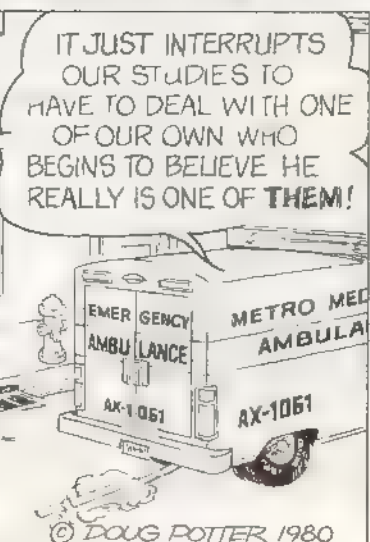
I HOPE SO.

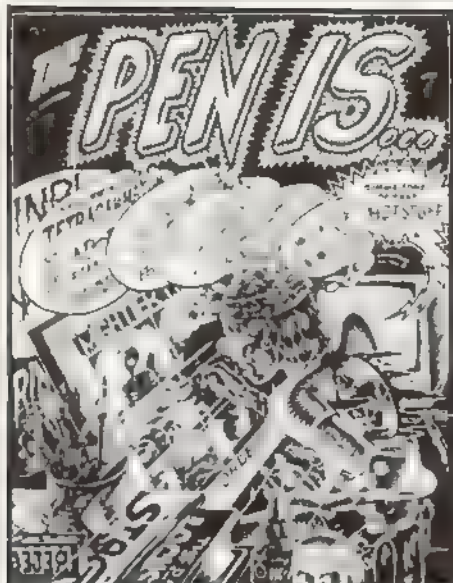


IT'S TOUGH ENOUGH LIVING AMONG THEM



IT JUST INTERRUPTS OUR STUDIES TO HAVE TO DEAL WITH ONE OF OUR OWN WHO BEGINS TO BELIEVE HE REALLY IS ONE OF THEM!





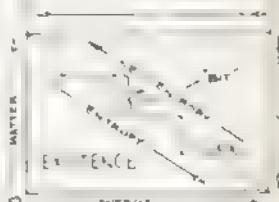
BINARY SYSTEMS ANALYSIS PRIMER BY OISIF EGAUX ©1981

ALL IS EXISTENCE OR NON-EXISTENCE! EXISTENCE IS IN
MATTER EXISTS OR DOES
NOT AT DIFFERENT LEVELS!

THE MORE ENERGY AS MATTER
THE LARGER THE PARTICLE!
TRANSFORMATION OF ENERGY TO
MATTER 5 LIFE! TRANSFORMATION
OF MATTER TO ENERGY 5 DEATH
ENERGY IS TRANSFORMED TO
MATTER THROUGH BITS OF INFOR
MATION! ENTROPY IS THE NATURAL
TENDENCY OF ALL MATTER TO DE
GENERATE TO ITS LOWEST ENERGY
STATE! NEG-ENTROPY IS THE
TENDENCY OF ENERGY TO TRANS
FORM INTO MATTER! NEG ENTROPY
WAS THE OR SIGNAL FORM OF THE
UNIVERSE AND TIME IS THE
EFFECT OF ENTROPY! NEG-E
IS ORDERED INFORMATION BITS!

$$E = MC^2 \text{ (EINSTEIN)}$$

ANTI-EXISTENCE



ORDERED INFORMATION BITS FORM SYSTEMS! A SYSTEM IS A GROUP
OF INFORMATION BITS AROUND WHICH A BOUNDARY CAN BE DRAWN!
WHERE THERE IS GREATER INTERNAL COMMUNICATION WITHIN THE BOUND
ARIES THAN ACROSS THE BOUNDARIES! THE ORDERED INFORMATION
(CODING) SERVES TO PROLONG THE SURVIVAL OF THE SYSTEM (OR IT WOULD
NOT EXIST)! ALL SYSTEMS ARE MADE OF SUB-SYSTEMS AND RE-ATE
WITH OTHER SYSTEMS TO FORM SUPER SYSTEMS! SUB SYSTEMS
AND SUPER SYSTEMS ARE
SYSTEMS! ECOLOGY IS THE REL
AT ON SHIP - COMMUNICAT ON BE-

SYSTEMS

TWEEN SYSTEMS! EVOLUTION IS THE CHANGE OF SYSTEMS OVER TIME! SYSTEMS PRECEDENCE IS
GALAXIES, UNIVERSES! FOR HUMAN SYSTEMS THERE ARE THREE CODING SYSTEMS (ORDERING OF
THEY ARE BY

EVOLUTION

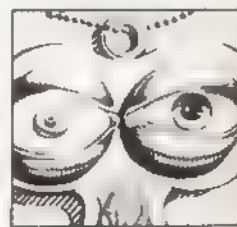
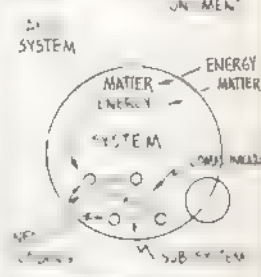


CODING CHEMICALLY TRANSFERRED THROUGH SEX AND MUTATES THRU
CHEMICAL CHANGES! TWO, CODING OF THE CORTEX/BRAIN WHICH
DETERMINES LEARNED BEHAVIOR INHERITED FROM PRIMATES! ITS
CODED ELECTRICALLY TRANSFERRED THROUGH LANGUAGE AND MUTATES
THROUGH DEVIANT BEHAVIOR! THREE, SOCIAL CODING WHICH DETER
MINES SOCIAL BEHAVIOR & IS DIRECTED FROM THE SUPER-SYSTEM; IT
IS HARD-CODED ENVIRONMENTALLY (MECHANICALLY & ELECTRICALLY) AND

ON/OFF SIGNALS ARE ASSOCIATED AS SYSTEMIC CONCEPTS (LOGIC)!
CONCEPTS ARE TRANSFERRED BETWEEN HUMAN SYSTEMS THROUGH
LANGUAGE LANGUAGE DEFINES SYSTEMS FROM OTHER SYSTEMS AND DEFINES THE PRECEDENCE OF
SUBSYSTEMS & SUPERSYSTEMS (PHILOSOPHY)! FOR SOCIETIES CODING IS INCORPORATED IN DIFFERENT
SUBSYSTEM INSTITUTIONS! EDUCATION EMBODIES CODING IN BOOKS
AND TEACHERS AND TRANSMITS IT TO NEW CELLS! LAW: CODES

TOOLS & WEAPONS! MEDICINE/PSYCHOLOGY: MAINTAIN INTEGRITY OF ORGANISM AND CHANGE
BRAIN CODING TO CONFORM TO SOCIETY! SOCIETY HAS DEVELOPED FROM A RELATIVELY COM

SUPER-SYSTEM ENVIROVERSE



LOGIC & PHILOSOPHY



BINARY SYSTEMS REVEALED

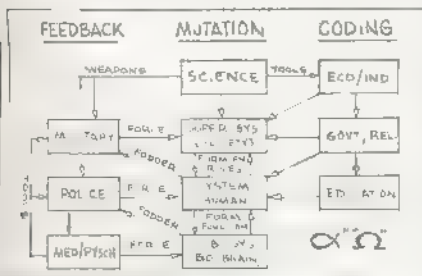


BACKGROUND ON
AUTHOR BY

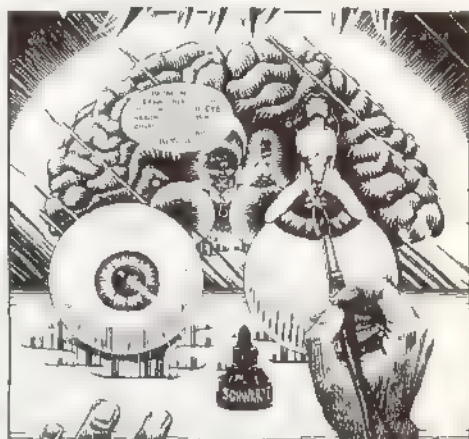
THE AUTHOR: THE AUTHOR HAS A BS & MS IN INDUSTRIAL ENG
NEERING AND OPERATIONS RESEARCH FROM CORNELL UNIVERSITY
(1969-70) AND IS A VETERAN OF THE VIETNAM ERA CONFLICT,
ARTILLERY BALLISTICS METEOROLOGIST, SP4, GIESSEN, GERMANY
(1970-72) SERVED FROM 972 77 AS CHIEF OF INDUSTRIAL ENGINEER
ING AT GENERAL DYNAMICS ELECTRIC BOAT FOR CONSTRUCTION OF
NUCLEAR ATTACK AND MISSILE SUBMARINES FOR M.A.D. (MUTUALLY
ASSURED DESTRUCTION) E.G. THERMONUCLEAR TRIAD. PRIMARILY RESPONS
BLE FOR DIRECT LABOR COST/PRODUCTIVITY AND PREPARATION OF \$1 BILLION
FRAUDULENT CLAIM AGAINST THE U.S. NAVY TO RECOVER COST OVER
RUNS AS A RESULT OF MISMANAGEMENT SINCE 1977 SERVED AS
MANAGER OF CORPORATE DATA SYSTEMS DEVELOPMENT FOR UNITED
NUCLEAR CORP AND MANAGER OF PRODUCTION CONTROL AT NAVAL
PRODUCTS DIV (MFG OF REACTOR CORES) JNC LARGEST INDEPENDENT
PRODUCER OF URANIUM ORE (SEE GALUP, N.M. TAILINGS SPILL) AND
OPERATES ON A CONTRACT BASIS MINES FOR THE TVA AND REACTORS
MFG WEAPONS GRADE PLUTONIUM AT HANFORD, WASH. NOW DIV
ERSIFYING INTO AUTO PROD LINES & ROBOT MACH TOOLS

MINOR ROLE TO A DOMINANT ONE WHERE EVEN HUMAN BEHAVIOR HAS BEEN CO-OPTED FOR SOCIETAL PURPOSES (INCLUDING SEX AND VIOLENCE)! SOCIETAL SYSTEMS RELATE AND FUNCTION WITH ONE ANOTHER IN TWO MODES: CO-OPERATIVE AND COMPETITIVE! CO-OPERATION IS LOVE/SEXUAL ASSOCIATED WITH EASTERN PHILOSOPHIES/RELIGION BUDDHA/MARX AND COMMUNIST/GO ECONOMY/GAMES! COMPETITION IS VIOLENT-DOMINANT ASSOCIATED WITH WESTERN PHILOSOPHIES/RELIGION JESUS-POPE, ROCKEFELLER AND CAPITALIST IMPERIALIST/CHESS ECONOMY/GAMES! SOCIETAL SYSTEMS

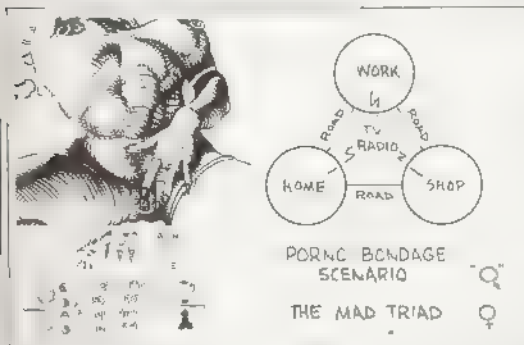
SOCIETAL SYSTEMS



IN WESTERN SOCIETY DEFINE HUMANS IN THEIR SOCIETAL ROLES AS WORKER, CONSUMER AND OCCUPANT! THESE ROLES ARE DEFINED IN THE OFFICE FACTORY, SHOPS, STORES AND HOMES ALL ARE JOINED BY ROADS AND SHIFTING FROM ONE ROLE TO ANOTHER TAKES PLACE IN A CAR TV AND RADIOS PROVIDE CONTINUAL UNIFORM CODING IN ALL ROLES AND TRANSFORMATION BETWEEN ROLES! THE ENVIRONMENT IN WHICH HUMANS EVOLVED IS SO DIFFERENT FROM TODAY'S ENVIRONMENT THAT HUMANS AND THE CURRENT ENVIRONMENT ARE NOT COMPATIBLE! MAN MUST UNDERSTAND HIMSELF AND DIRECT SOCIETAL CODING TO THE CODED PLEASURE COMPATIBLE WITH HIS BEHAVIORAL DNA CODING. HOW EVER MAN ATTEMPTING TO MANAGE IS COMICAL TAMPERING WITH DNA CODING OCCURS! NATURALLY BUT TAMPERING WITH DNA CODING BY SOCIETAL FORCES THE NEXT STEP IN THE OFFENSE! THE ARTIST PLAYS A ROLE WHICH DOES NOT FIT INTO STANDARD ECONOMIC ROLES AND THEREFORE IS NOT REWARDED! UNDERGROUND/SATIRICAL/HORROR/SCI-FI/HUMOR/SURREALISM/SEX-DRUGS-ROCK AND ROLL/POETRY/ARE ATTEMPTS TO EXAMINE THE SOCIETAL/HUMAN CODING/BOUNDARIES AND IDENTIFY CONFLICTS WITH THE NATURE OF MAN! THIS SELDOM TAKES A REAL REVOLUTIONARY ASPECT WHICH CANNOT BE CO-OPTED FOR THE BENEFIT OF SOCIETY! WHEN IT DOES IT IS SUBJECT TO CENSORSHIP, LEGAL RESTRICTIONS AND ABUSE! EVERY SYSTEM HAS AN INVERSE WHERE THE BOUNDARIES BECOME THE SYSTEM AND THE SYSTEMS THE BOUNDARIES! THIS IS THE WORLD OF THE JOE ARTIST! THE BLACK OF THE PEN AND WHITE OF THE PAPER DEFINES EXISTENCE/NON-EXISTENCE! INVERSELY THE PEN LINE DEFINES THE BOUNDARY! THE 3-DIMENSIONAL DEFINITION OF OBJECTS BY LIGHT, DUPLICATED BY THE 2-DIMENSIONAL APPLICATION OF DARKNESS!



THE NATURE OF HUMANS IS SUBORDINATE TO AND BEING CHANGED TO CONFORM WITH THE REQUIREMENTS OF SOCIETY. MAN MUST UNDERSTAND HIMSELF AND DIRECT SOCIETAL CODING TO THE CODED PLEASURE COMPATIBLE WITH HIS BEHAVIORAL DNA CODING. HOW EVER MAN ATTEMPTING TO MANAGE IS COMICAL TAMPERING WITH DNA CODING OCCURS! NATURALLY BUT TAMPERING WITH DNA CODING BY SOCIETAL FORCES THE NEXT STEP IN THE OFFENSE! THE ARTIST PLAYS A ROLE WHICH DOES NOT FIT INTO STANDARD ECONOMIC ROLES AND THEREFORE IS NOT REWARDED! UNDERGROUND/SATIRICAL/HORROR/SCI-FI/HUMOR/SURREALISM/SEX-DRUGS-ROCK AND ROLL/POETRY/ARE ATTEMPTS TO EXAMINE THE SOCIETAL/HUMAN CODING/BOUNDARIES AND IDENTIFY CONFLICTS WITH THE NATURE OF MAN! THIS SELDOM TAKES A REAL REVOLUTIONARY ASPECT WHICH CANNOT BE CO-OPTED FOR THE BENEFIT OF SOCIETY! WHEN IT DOES IT IS SUBJECT TO CENSORSHIP, LEGAL RESTRICTIONS AND ABUSE! EVERY SYSTEM HAS AN INVERSE WHERE THE BOUNDARIES BECOME THE SYSTEM AND THE SYSTEMS THE BOUNDARIES! THIS IS THE WORLD OF THE JOE ARTIST! THE BLACK OF THE PEN AND WHITE OF THE PAPER DEFINES EXISTENCE/NON-EXISTENCE! INVERSELY THE PEN LINE DEFINES THE BOUNDARY! THE 3-DIMENSIONAL DEFINITION OF OBJECTS BY LIGHT, DUPLICATED BY THE 2-DIMENSIONAL APPLICATION OF DARKNESS!



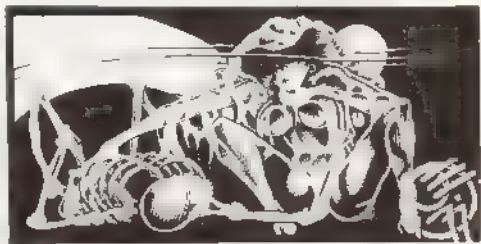
PORNIC BONDAGE SCENARIO

THE MAD TRIAD

NOT REALLY

- W. WIRTHAM'S COMIX #1 - \$1.00
- W. WIRTHAM'S COMIX #2 - \$1.00
- W. WIRTHAM'S COMIX #3 - \$1.00
- W. WIRTHAM'S COMIX #4 - \$1.00
- W. WIRTHAM'S COMIX #5/6 - \$2.00

DELUXE SIGNED
NUMBERED EDNS
\$5.00
ADD \$5.00
FOR POSTAGE



PLEASE SEND YOUR ORDER TO:

CLIFFORD NEAL
378 JUDSON AVE
MYSTIC, CONN
06355

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY/TOWN

STATE

ZIP CODE

ADULTS ONLY
OVER 18
YES



JUNGLE SUGAR!



AS THE NASTY OL' MANDRILL CAME TO A CLEARING IN THE FOREST HE FOUND A CURIOUS SIGHT.



LOW & BEHOLD, IT WAS A CROCODILE GOING ALONG A PATH THROUGH THE THICKET. BUT WHAT WOULD MAKE A CROCODILE TAKE TO LAND?



INSTEAD OF WASTING TIME ON RIDDLES, THE FILTHY OL' MANDRILL GOT BUSY USING WHAT BODY HEAT THE REPTILE HAD.



THEN JUST AFTER HE FINISHED WITH THE CROCODILE, HE HEARD SOMETHING COMING ALONG THE SAME PATH.



INSTANTLY THE PERVERTED OL' PRIMATE JUMPED IN THE BUSHES TO SEE WHAT WAS COMING.



IT WAS A LONE HYENA GOING DOWN THE SAME TRAIL.



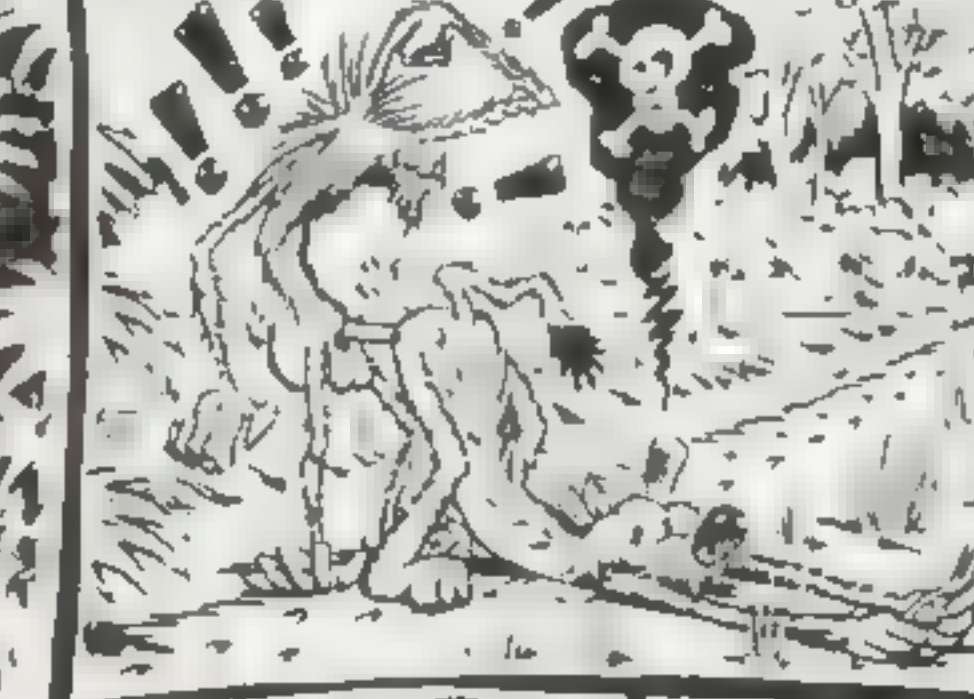
BUT THE RETCHED OL' MANDRILL FELT A 'NEED' FOR THE HYENA AND TOOK UP THE PURSUIT.



AND SOON THE MANDRILL WAYLAID THE 'WHILLY' HYENA, BUT THIS TIME HE QUESTIONED THE SCAVENGER FIRST.



THE LYING HYENA'S FALSE TONGUE ONLY STIMULATED THE MANDRILL'S PASSION. AND SOON THE HYENA WAS ALSO SEXUALLY DISPATCHED.



BUT THE MYSTERY OF THE TRAIL REMAINED, WHERE WERE THE CROCODILE AND THE HYENA GOING? WHAT WOULD MAKE SUCH A STRANGE TRAIL???



THE PUZZLED OL' MANDRILL FOLLOWED THE TRAIL FOR THREE DAYS & THREE NIGHTS, & ON THE MORNING OF THE THIRD DAY, TOPPED A HILL, COMING UP ON THE SOURCE OF THIS BIZZARE TRAIL...



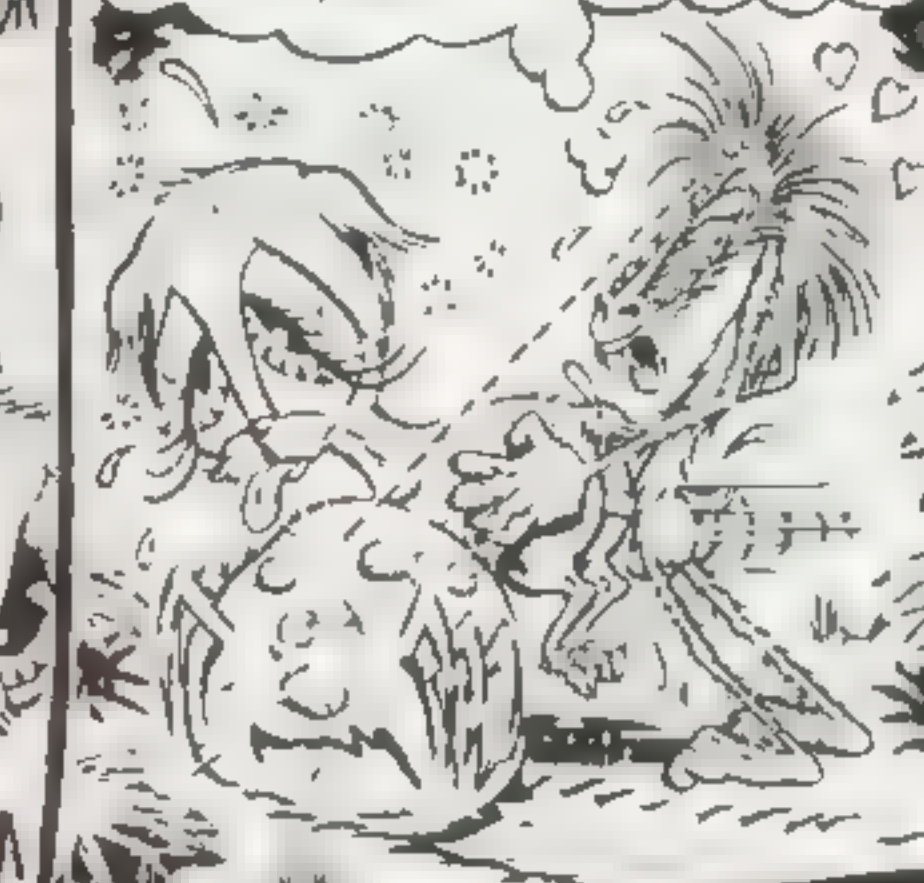
...A YOUNG FAWN BURDENED BY THE PRESENCE OF A GIANT TICK HANGING FROM HER SIDE!



INSTANTLY THE MANDRILL'S EYES FELL ON THE POOR FAWN'S SWEET POSTERIOR & HE THOUGHT TO HIMSELF...



...AND FOR 'DESERT' I'LL HAVE 'TICK PIE!'



ONLY TO FIND: ONE'S 'LAY' IS ANOTHER'S 'FILLET'!!!



DR.

UCLA

WIRTHAM'S

COMIX & STORIES

YOU CALL
THIS ART?

TOP SECRET
ART
FOR YOUR
EYES ON

©1982 by

Budgett-Dumm



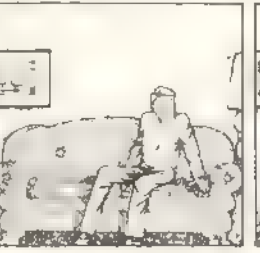
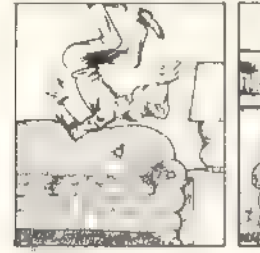
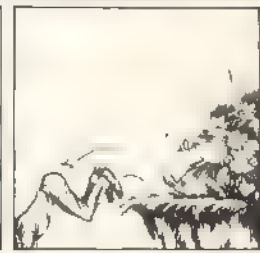
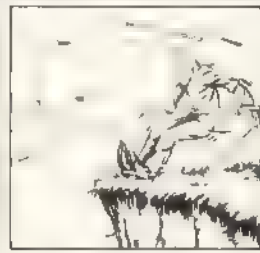
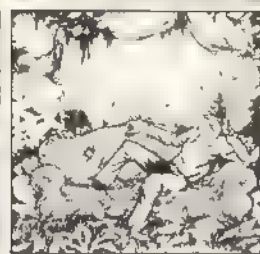
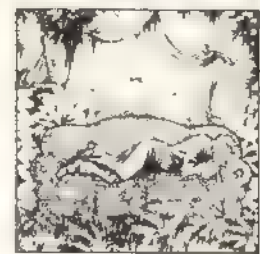
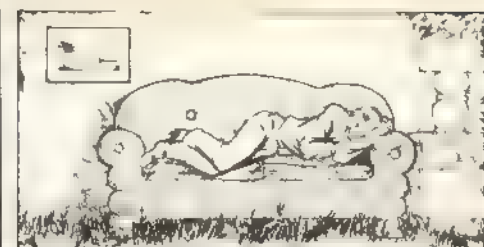
DR. WIRTHAM'S COMIX & STORIES



DR. WIRTHAM'S COMIX & STORIES #5 7¢
 DWCS IS PUBLISHED, EDITED & DISTRIBUTED BY:

CLIFFORD NEAL
 378 JUDSON AVE.
 MYSTIC, CT. 06355

ALL ART & STORIES COPYRIGHT ©
 BY THE RESPECTIVE ARTISTS AND WRITERS



BACK ISSUES OF DWCS ARE AVAILABLE FOR:
 1 - \$1.00 2 - \$1.50 3 - \$2.00 4 - \$2.50 5 - \$3.00 6 - \$3.50 7 - \$4.00 8 - \$4.50 9 - \$5.00 10 - \$5.50
 LIMITED EDITIONS OF SIGNED & NUMBERED SETS OF DWCS ARE
 \$14.95 PER SET. \$500.00 EACH. ALSO PLEASE NOTE IF YOU ARE
 INTERESTED IN PURCHASING ANY OF OUR EGA X-1 ORIGINAL ART

...SO COME AND
SPEND THE DAY AT
THE BODACIOUS CAESAR'S
GRAND MALL, THE LARGEST
SHOPPING CENTER
ON EARTH!

SURE,
OKAY.

Shooty Beagle GOES TO THE MALL

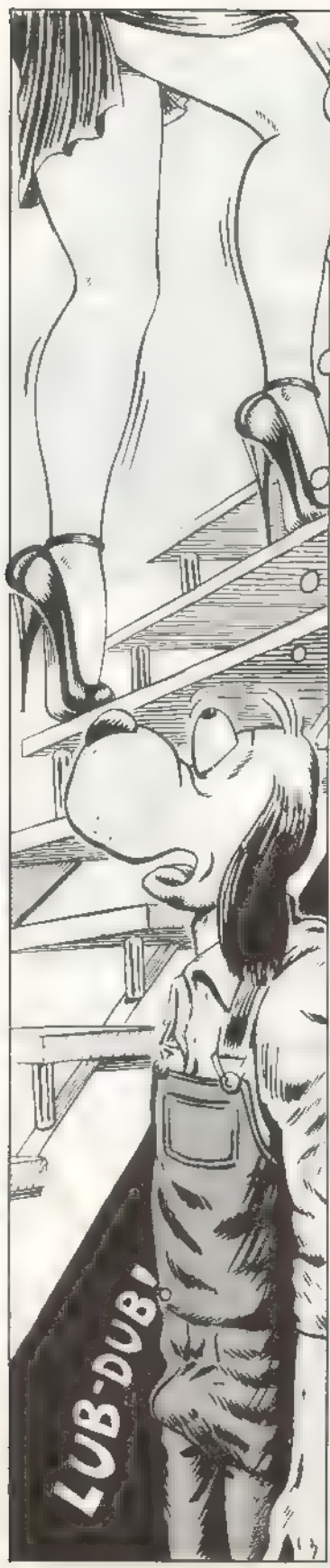
by Greg Budgett & Gary Dumm

SPRINGTIME IN
THE SUBURBS...
WHEN THE CREAM OF
MIDDLE-CLASS AMERICA'S
DAUGHTER'S FLOCKS TO
THE SHOPPING MALL.

SHOOTY BEAGLE'S SPIRITS
SOAR AS HE ENTERS THE
MALL. WHAT BETTER PLACE
TO SHOP FOR A FANTASY?

JESUS H.
CHRIST, LOOKIT
THIS! WHAT TH'
HELL WAS I SUP-
POSED TO GET HERE,
ANYWAY?





OH YEAH, SHOES. LORDY,
THERE MUST BE FORTY SHOE
STORES HERE. THIS CALLS
FOR SOME WELL-FOUNDED
DECISION-MAKING.

THESE
FLUORESCENT
LIGHTS MAKE
ME SO DIZZY I
CAN'T EVEN...

... A SIGN.
THANK
YOU, GOD.

SHOOTY
WHIRLS
AND...

...STUMBLES HEADLONG INTO DISASTER.

OOG! HAAAAY!

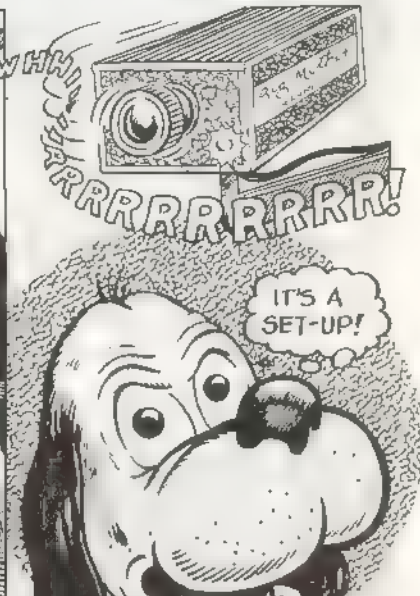
OOPS! SORRY!

DOINK!

ULP! BEG PAR-
DON! ER... AH... DO
YOU HAVE NUN'S
BUSH SPECTATORS?
11½'S I THINK...
UH... PARTICULARLY
NASTY WEATHER.

HAVE A SEAT, SIR. I'LL CHECK.

LUB-DUB!



AND HE WALKS ON
DOWN THE MALL.

Takes Fifth Ave

YEEHAA!

HOWDY,
PARD...

... NEED A LIFT?

Furbelow's
OF HOLLYWOOD
REHEAT ONAL
A NEW LIFT FOR THE
LIVE DEMONSTRATION

SHOOTY SUCCUMBS
TO THE CALL OF
THE WILD...

OWOOOOO

I WASN'T WEAR-
ING A HAT HUH?

OOOEEE! MAD DOG!
GIT 'EM UP, SCOUT!

DON'T STOP NOW,
DAMMIT! GIDDYUP!

H&G
APPLIANCES

SHOOTY,
... TIME
TO COME
HOME!

GET ME
BEHIND
THEE,
SATIN...
MUH!?

SHIFF
SHIFF

NRRR!
NRRR!

AND NOW A WORD
FROM OUR SPONSOR

SO COME AND
SPEND THE DAY AT
THE BODACIOUS CAESAR'S
GRAND MALL, THE LARGEST
SHOPPING CENTER
ON EARTH!

MUST BE ABOUT
TIME FOR THE DUKES
OF HAZZARD.

HOPE
DAISY
BENDS
OVER

NEXT: SHOOTY GETS A BO'N AGAIN.

Obsession

STORY: BRUCE V. KALNINS ART: LOMAX

CASE IN POINT: A YOUNG MAN ON HIS WAY HOME FROM WORK. FROM ALL OUTWARD APPEARANCES, THE EPITOMIE OF EVERYTHING WE JUDGE TO BE SUCCESSFUL IN LIFE...

A MAN HELD IN GOOD STANDING BY HIS PEERS - NOT ONLY WELL RESPECTED BUT ALSO...



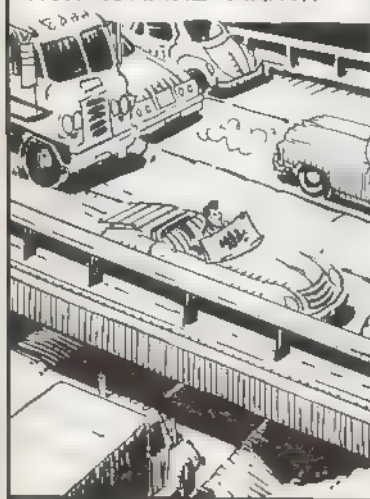
...WELL LIKED...



...AN ATTRACTIVE MAN...



...A NORMAL MAN...



...A MAN COME HOME



...TO BE GREETED BY AN...





I WONDER
HOW HER DAY
WAS?



HUMM...
I'D BETTER
HURRY.



GOTTA GET
DINNER.



SHE'S PROBABLY
QUITE ...



HUNGRY DARLING?
I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT
BE. TRAFFIC WAS
BAD. OH, DON'T
LOOK AT ME LIKE
THAT. DON'T BE
ANGRY.



I'LL MAKE IT UP
TO YOU, YOU'LL
SEE. I PROMISE



YOU'LL NEVER GUESS
WHAT PHIL SAID TO ME AT
THE OFFICE TODAY.
COME ON... GUESS!

...AND THEN HE
SUGGESTED THE CURRENT
INVENTORY LEVELS WERE
THE RESULT OF...



MISTAKES MADE
BY THE BUYING
DEPARTMENT...
OH DEAR... THIS
SHOP TALK MUST
BE BORING YOU...



HUMAN... DO YOU KNOW
WHAT I JUST
THOUGHT OF?



FASHI

HOW WE MET... HOW
I FELL IN LOVE WITH
YOU THE FIRST TIME
I SAW YOU...



BUT THE
OBSTACLE
COURSE I
HAD TO
RUN TO
GET YOU
ALONE
WITH ME...



THOUGH,
YOU KNOW,
IT WAS
WORTH ALL
THAT EFFORT
AND MONEY
BECAUSE...

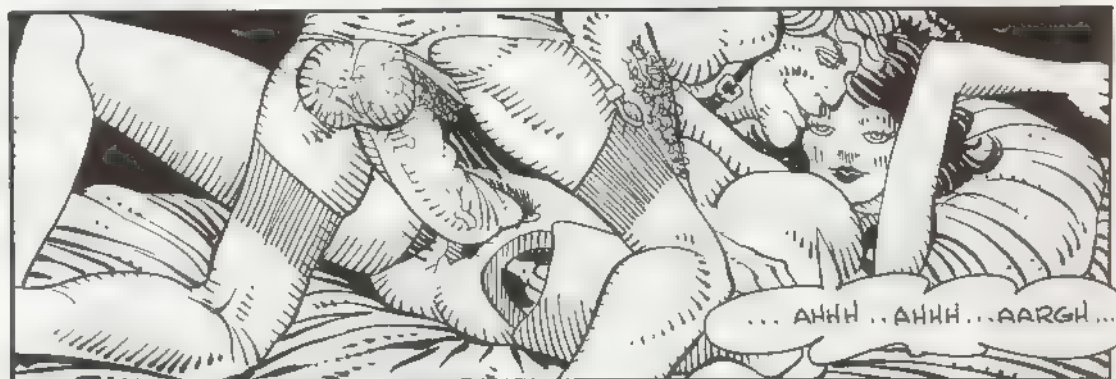


WE'VE MADE IT EH?
IT'S YOUR
FAVORITE, BABE.
TUNA CASSEROLE.
LOOKS GOOD, HUMM?



GETTING KINDA
TIRED, EH? HOW
ABOUT A NIGHTCAP?





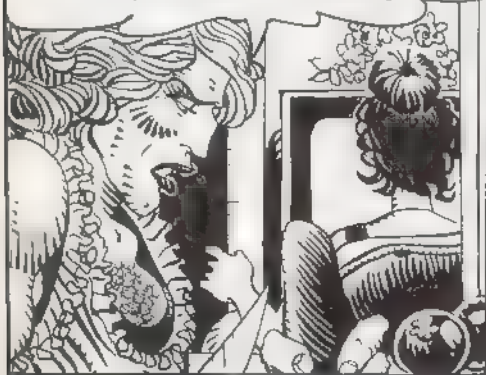
THE FOLLOWING DAY.



I KNOW! I KNOW THAT EVENING...
YOU DON'T LIKE LEFTOVERS BUT I
WANT TO FINISH
THIS OFF.



I JUST DON'T THINK I'M BEING
APPRECIATED AROUND HERE.
ALL DAY LONG AT THE OFFICE
TO COME HOME TO THIS!



LOOK AT YOURSELF! YOU
WON'T LIFT A **FINGER**
AROUND HERE WILL YOU?



WILL YOU!

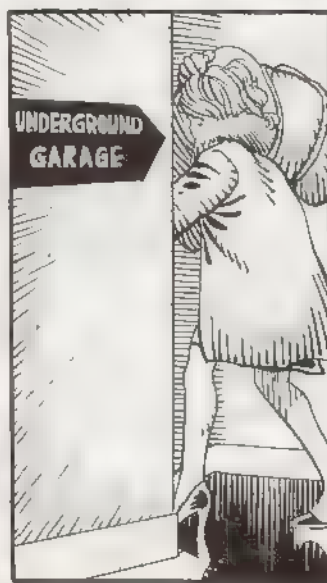


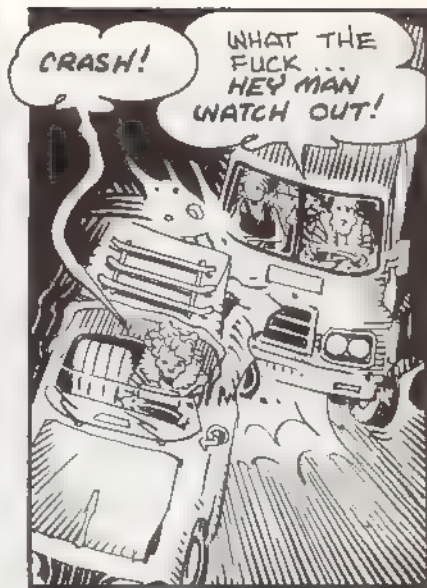
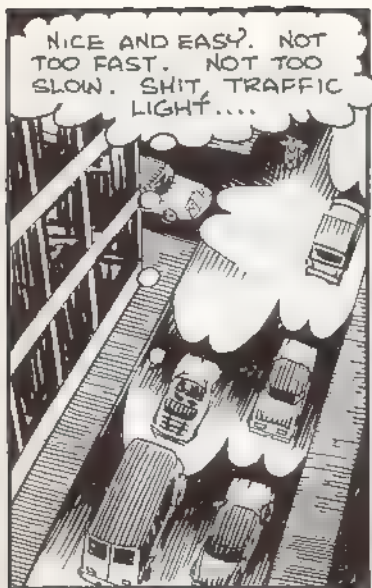
GODDAMN IT!
ANSWER ME, YOU
LAZY BITCH!!!



AARGH!



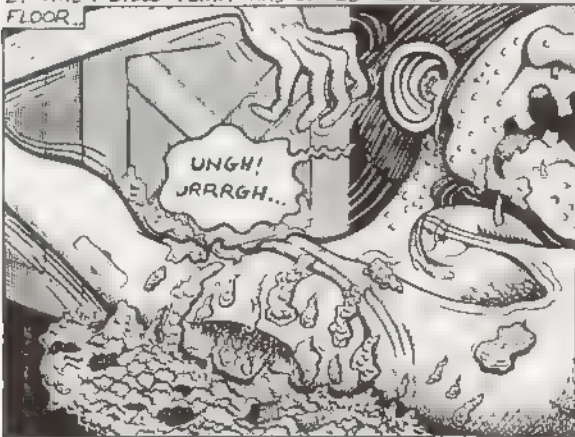




SLEEZBALL



GETTING UP IN THE MORNING CAN BE A STRUGGLE, ESPECIALLY WHEN DRIED VOMIT HAS CAKED ~~THE~~ BACK TO THE FLOOR.



THE SLEEZE SUCCEEDS, BUT BRINGS UP A FEW FLOOR-
BOARDS w- H H M



"SNIFF SNIFF HEY! SOMETHINGS BURN-
ING!" LOOKING AROUND FRANTICALLY
HE SPIES HIS PRO KEDS SLOWLY
MELTING ON THE HOT PLATE.



THINKING FAST, HE APPLIES GENEROUS AMOUNTS OF MOUNTAIN DEW TO THE
AFFLICTED AREA, AND THE PROBLEM IS PUT TO REST. ANOTHER POTENTIAL
DISASTER Averted BY SLEEZBALL'S RAZOR-SHARP MIND!

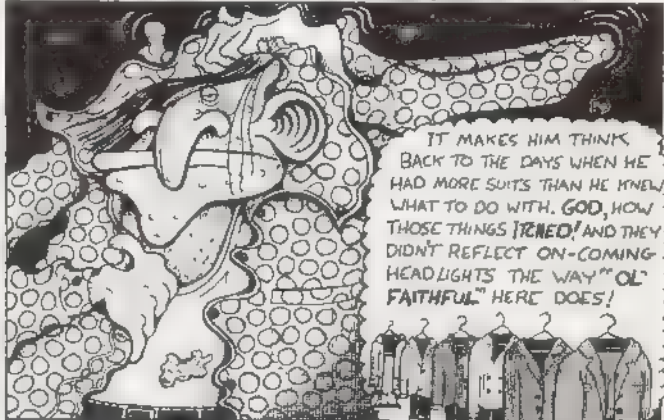


ALL THE EXCITEMENT HAS MADE SLEEZBALL HUNGRY.
HE RUMAGES THROUGH HIS FOOD SUPPLY LOOKING
FOR SOMETHING THAT TICKLES HIS FANCY. "A HUNDRED
BOXES OF KRAFT MACARONI + CHEESE AND NOT ONE
BOX OF EGG NOODLE + CHEESE. LOOKS LIKE I'LL HAVTA GO OUT."



NOTE THE SLEEZE WORE HIS LEGS

BEFORE HE HEADS OUT HE ALWAYS PUTS ON HIS FAVORITE POLYESTER
SHIRT, WHICH IS ALSO THE ONLY SHIRT THE SLEEZE OWNS



IT MAKES HIM THINK
BACK TO THE DAYS WHEN HE
HAD MORE SUITS THAN HE KNEW
WHAT TO DO WITH. GOD, HOW
THOSE THINGS TINED! AND THEY
DIDN'T REFLECT ON-COMING
HEADLIGHTS THE WAY "OL'
FAITHFUL" HERE DOES!

WHEN IT COMES TO PANHANDLING, EL SLEEZO HAS GOT THE PERFECT PLOY.
HE JUST HOLDS OUT HIS HAND AND SAYS "GIVE ME YOUR MONEY OR I WILL
BE YOUR BEST FRIEND" PEOPLE ARE VERY COOPERATIVE



NOTE NO ONE'S EVER COMPLIMENTED SLEEZBALL FOR HIS POSTURE

"WOW! WHAT A HAUL! WHAT AN EASY LIFE! AND
TO THINK I ALMOST BECAME A LAWYER! QUITTING
LAW SCHOOL WAS THE SMARTEST THING I'VE
EVER DONE!"



JUST THEN A PICTURE OF MISS PIGGY CATCHES HIS EYE, AND ALL THOUGHTS OF EGG NOODLES DISAPPEARS AS A NEW CRAVING ENTERS HIS MIND...



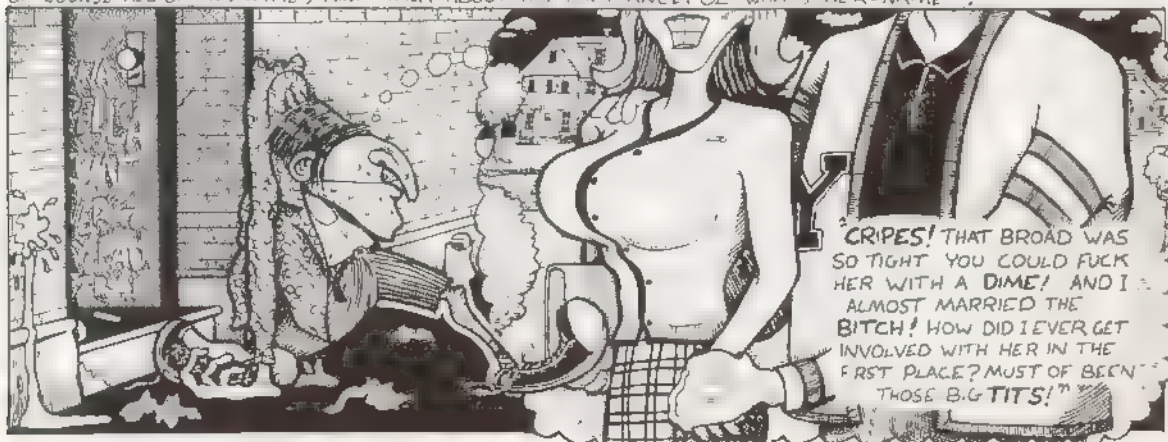
A STRANGER INFORMS HIM THAT TODAY'S INDEPENDENCE DAY **THE FOURTH OF JULY!!!** JEEZIZ! THAT BRINGS BACK BAD MEMORIES OF THE FOURTH OF JULY WEEKENDS HE USED TO SPEND WITH HIS UNCLE HARRY, AND HOW HE'D MAKE HIM SHOOT OFF THOSE GIANT ROCKETS THAT WOULD SCARE THE EVER-LIVIN' CRAP OUT OF HIM.



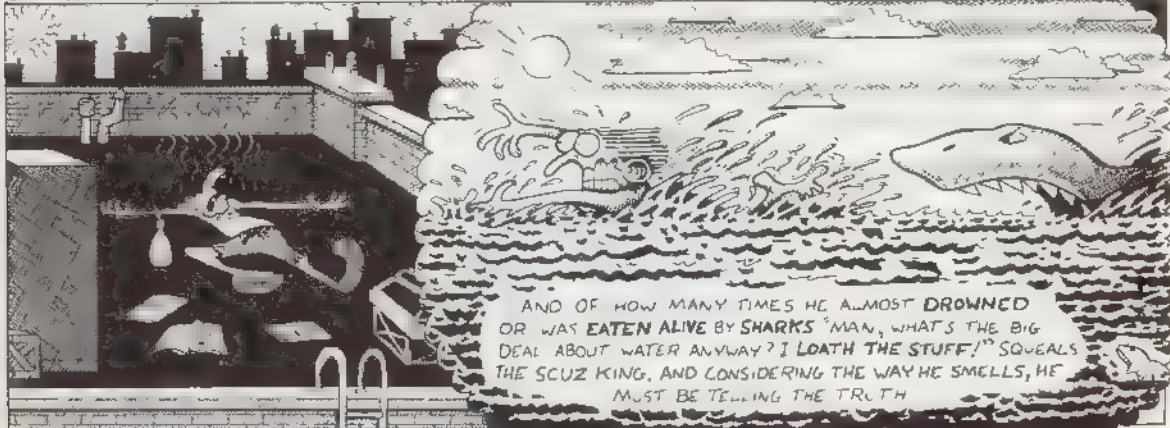
"SAY I SHOULD CALL ON ANNA-BELLA AND CELEBRATE! THINKS THE SLEEZE. AFTER ALL, **THIS IS A NATIONAL HOLIDAY!**"



ANNABELLA WASN'T HOME, SO THE SLEEZE SCRAWLED A MESSAGE ON HER DOOR AND HEADS FOR HOME. OF COURSE ALL OF THIS MAKES HIM THINK ABOUT HIS EX-FANCE, OL' WHAT'S HER-NAME.



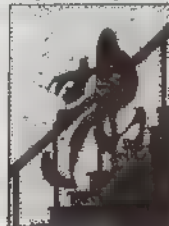
MEANWHILE BACK AT THE SLEEZBALL MANSION, OL' SLIME-BUCKET DECIDES TO SOAK UP SOME RAYS ON HIS EXCLUSIVE SUNDECK, WHICH SETS HIM TA' THINKIN' 'BOUT THOSE LAZY, HAZY, CRAZY DAYS OF SUMMER BACK ON THE CAPE.



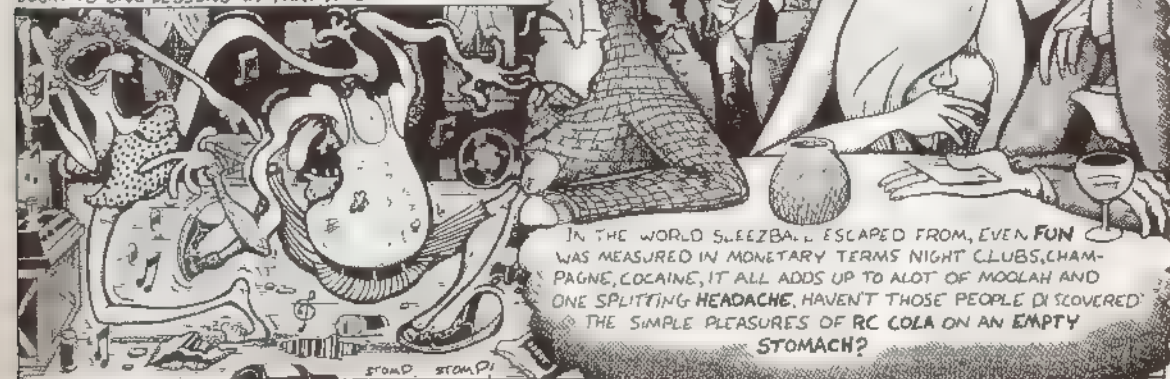
"WELP, GUESS T'S TIME TO MOSEY ON DOWN--STAIRS" BUT THE HEAT HAS MELTED HIS BACK TO THE TAR PAPER, AND AS HE GETS UP, SO DOES SOME OF THE ROOF. "I THINK I'M EXPERIENCING DÉJÀ VU," MUSES THE UNDESIRABLE ONE.



HE GETS BACK TO HIS APARTMENT AND FINDS HIS ANNABELLA WAITING FOR HIM, LOOKING MORE RAV SHING THAN EVER. WHAT A GLORIOUS VISION OF FEMININITY! HUBBA HUBBA!!!



THEY TURN ON WBLS AND THE CELEBRATION COMMENCES HE DOES HIS PATENTED "SLEEZBALL RHUMBA" WHICH ANNA-BELLA ALWAYS GETS A BIG KICK OUT OF. THESE PEOPLE DUGHT TO GIVE LESSONS IN PARTYING!



JUST AT THAT MOMENT, THEY HEARD
THE DOOR BURST OPEN AND THERE WAS

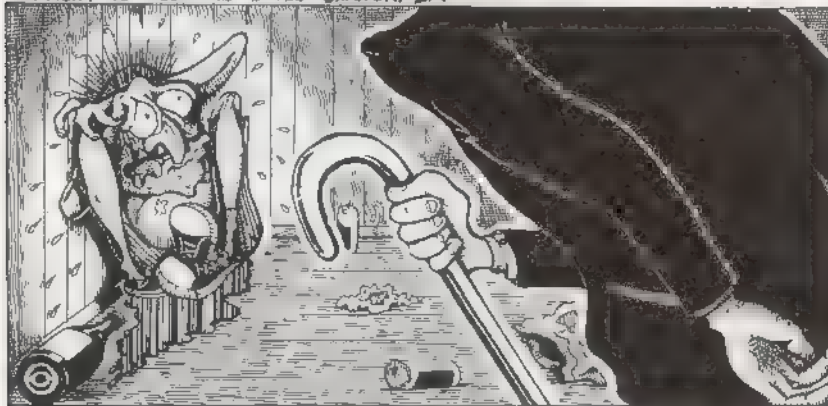


UNCLE HARRY!



"YOUR LITTLE CHARADE IS OVER,
PUSWORTH J. PIMPLETON III!
YOU'RE COMING BACK WITH ME!!!"

THE JG WAS UP. SLEZBALL HAD ONLY TWO CHOICES IT WAS EITHER GO BACK
WITH THIS DEVIL INCARNATE TO THE NIGHTMARE WORLD HE CAME FROM
OR FIGHT TO KEEP HIS LITTLE SHANGRI-LA!



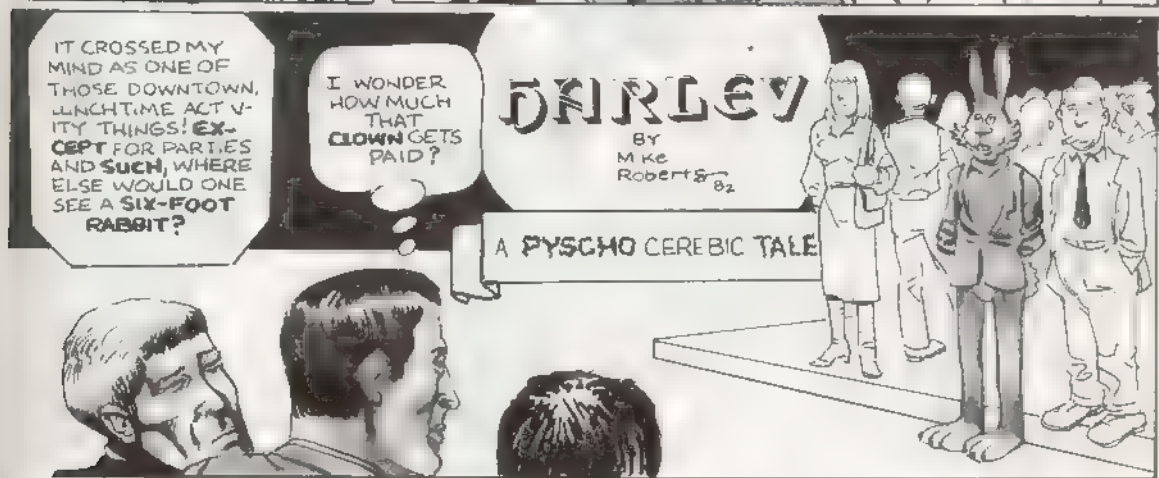
HE DECIDED TO FIGHT



AND SO THE PARTY RESUMES



IN ONE STROKE OUR HERO FOUND A WAY TO DISPOSE OF THE DEAD BODY AND
PROVIDE A GREAT PARTY SNACK ALL AT ONCE. HE'S A SHARP ONE, THAT SLEZBALL!

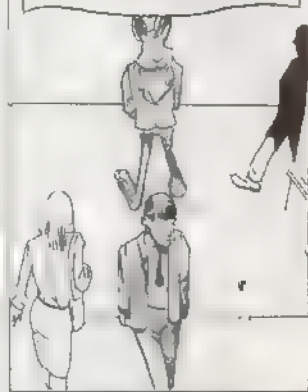


I **CROSSED** THE STREET
AS THE RABBIT'S **EYES**
FOLLOWED ME

WHEN I PASSED HIM,
HE SEEMED SO **REAL**

SO **WHAT!** I JUST
BLEW IT OFF.

SO I **THOUGHT!** I COULD
SEE HIM REFLECTED AND
HE WAS **FOLLOWING** ME.



I ZIG-ZAGGED OUT OF
MY WAY, BUT TO NO
AVAIL. HE WAS **DEF-**
INATELY TAILING ME.

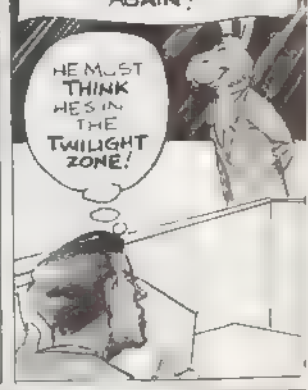
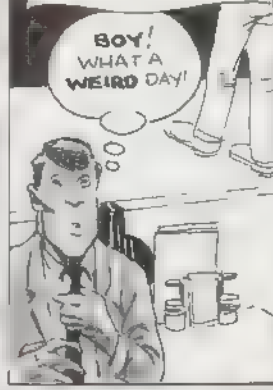
THIS WAS **STUPID.**
COMICAL AT BEST, SO
I DECIDED TO EAT.

THE CAFE WAS FULL
BUT I MANAGED TO
FIND A SMALL BOOTH.

BOY!
WHAT A
WEIRD DAY!

AS I READ THE MENU,
I PEEKED OVER ITS
EDGE. THERE HE WAS,
AGAIN!

HE MUST
THINK
HE'S IN
THE
TWILIGHT
ZONE!



HE HAD **BALLS!** HE
CAME OVER AND **SAT**
IN MY BOOTH.

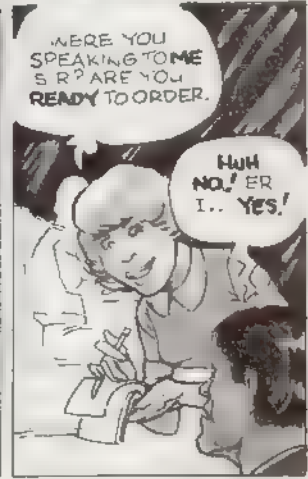
WHO INVITED
YOU ASSHOLE?
FIND YOUR
OWN BOOTH!

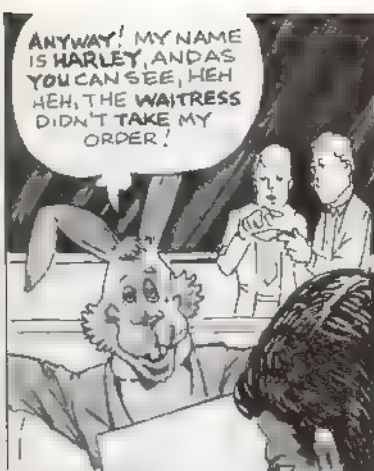
NOT
SO LOUD!
MR. DOWD.
PEOPLE MUST
THINK.....

I DON'T
GIVE A **DAMN**
WHO HEARS
ME.

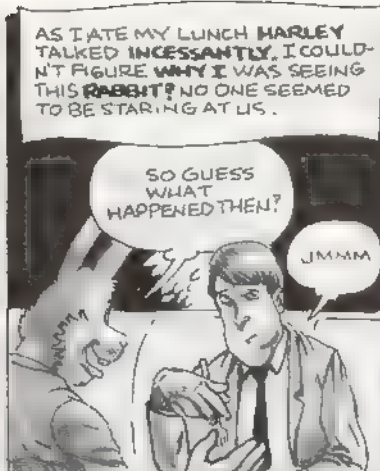
WERE YOU
SPEAKING TO ME
OR ARE YOU
READY TO ORDER.

HUH
NO! ER
I.. YES!





ANYWAY! MY NAME IS HARLEY, AND AS YOU CAN SEE, HEH HEH, THE WAITRESS DIDN'T TAKE MY ORDER!



AS I ATE MY LUNCH HARLEY TALKED INCESSANTLY. I COULDN'T FIGURE WHY I WAS SEEING THIS RABBIT? NO ONE SEEMED TO BE STARING AT US.

SO GUESS WHAT HAPPENED THEN?

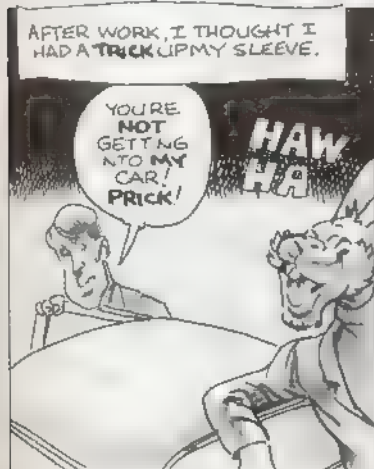
JMMMM



ALL THE WAY BACK TO MY OFFICE HARLEY FOLLOWED ME! I COULDN'T CONCENTRATE ON MY WORK. THIS GODDAMN IDIOT KEPT GOING ON AND ON

SO THERE I WAS 'ENTHRAILED BY HER LOVE

GREAT! HE'S A FUCKING SHAKESPEARE NOW!



AFTER WORK, I THOUGHT I HAD A TRICK UP MY SLEEVE.

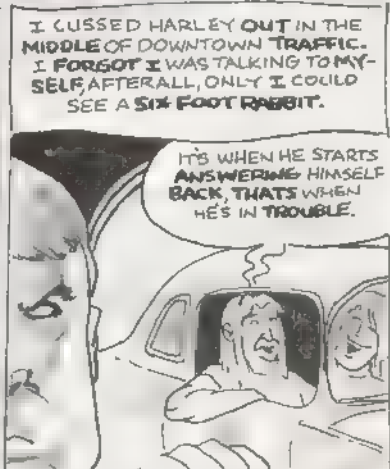
YOU'RE NOT GETTING INTO MY CAR! PRICK!

HAW HA



THE SONOFABITCH GOT IN ANYWAY! EVEN, WITH THE DOORS LOCKED.

MISS ME?



I CURSED HARLEY OUT IN THE MIDDLE OF DOWNTOWN TRAFFIC. I FORGOT I WAS TALKING TO MYSELF, AFTER ALL, ONLY I COULD SEE A SIX FOOT RABBIT.

IT'S WHEN HE STARTS ANSWERING HIMSELF BACK, THAT'S WHEN HE'S IN TROUBLE.



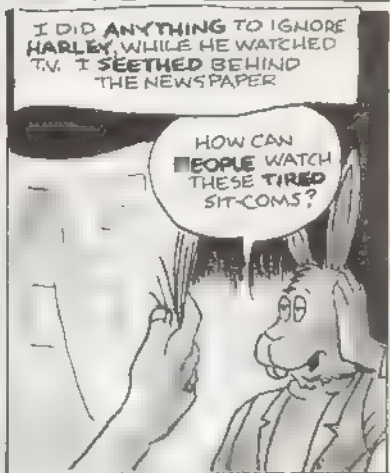
I KEPT PINCHING MYSELF ALL THE WAY HOME, BUT HARLEY WAS STILL THERE.

NICE HOME ED. GOT ANY PETS? HAW HAW!



I COULDN'T GET HIM OFF MY MIND. HOW COULD I? HE WAS ON A RUN AND WOULDN'T CUT ME ANY SLACK.

SO THE FARMER SAYS BLAH BLAH BLAH BLAH



I DID ANYTHING TO IGNORE HARLEY, WHILE HE WATCHED TV. I SEETHED BEHIND THE NEWSPAPER

HOW CAN PEOPLE WATCH THESE TIRED SIT-COMS?

I RESIGNED TO THE FACT THAT I WAS STUCK WITH HARLEY.

MAYBE IF I TRY SUBTLE PSYCHOLOGICAL PLOYS.

I HAD TO BE CAREFUL AND NOT TO ANSWER HARLEY BACK WHILE IN PUBLIC.

OK SMART GUY! I'M HIP TO YOUR MIND GAMES.

THIS PLACE IS LOUSY WITH PUSSY TONIGHT.

I WOULD GO FOR A WALK IN THE PARK AND HARLEY WOULD CHASE THE SQUIRRELS.

IT WAS BAD ENOUGH WITH HARLEY BUT ALL DOGS BEGAN TO TAKE A LIKING TO ME.

AT SPORTING EVENTS HE WOULD CALL ALL PLAYS AND RUIN THE WHOLE THING.

WHEN I WENT SWIMMING HE WAS ALWAYS THE PRACTICAL JOKER.

AT NIGHTS HARLEY WOULD STAY UP AND WATCH THE LATE LATE MOVIES.

GET UP! YOU FAT TUB OF GUTS!

EVERY MORNING HARLEY WAS THERE TO WAKE ME UP!

HEERE'S ZZZZ HARLEY!
HAW HAW

SLEEP! IF ONLY I COULD, BUT THEN CAME THE NIGHTMARES.

UNGH!!!

AS USUAL, I DREAMED OF BEING STRAPPED. I COULDN'T DISTINGUISH FROM REALITY.

I'VE BEEN
HERE
BEFORE!

BUT MY DREAM ROLE CHANGED!
I BECAME THE GREAT APE, AND
MY MOOD APPEARED TO BE
DREADING SOME TASK.

I??
HUM?

POOF

THAT'S IT! A SIX INCH RABBIT.
BUT IT WAS TOO SERIOUS
TO BE THAT SILLY.

LET'S
PUT ON
THE
RITZ!

GASP

I REALIZED
THAT I WAS
ONCE AGAIN
MYSELF, THEN
I REMEMBERED
THE RABBIT!
I HAD TO FIND
IT AND RUN
AFTER IT!
ONLY PRETEND-
ED TO GIVE
CHASE, I WAS
RUNNING AWAY
FROM THIS
JUNGLE AND
ITS MONSTERS!

FEET TOO
HEAVY

SOMEHOW I FOUND AN OLD HOUSE, I RAN
INSIDE ONLY TO RUN INTO A HURRICANE.

I
WANT
OUT!

IT WAS ALL RECURRING. EVEN THE ROTTING
FLOOR WITH THE EARED DEMONS THAT LAUGHED.

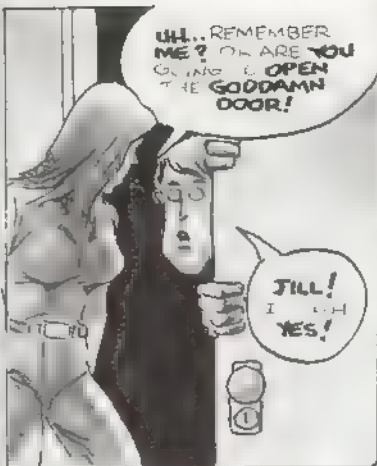
ABSTRACTION BECAME MY WAY OF LIFE.
IN MY DREAMS I DREADED WAKING UP.

WHERE'S MY
MIRROR? I
HAVE TO SEE
IF I'M AWAKE.

BUT THE LAST STRAW CAME
WHEN MY GIRLFRIEND JILL
CAME OVER ONE DAY, UNEX-
PECTEDLY.



UH... REMEMBER
ME? OR ARE YOU
GOING TO OPEN
THE GODDAMN
DOOR!



JILL!
I'M
YES!

I'LL BITCH AND I COULD
ONLY STUTTER. BUT SHE FOR
GAVE ME QUICKLY IN HAR-
LEY'S APPROVAL OF COURSE.

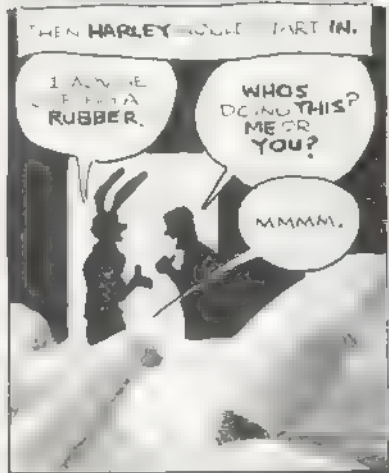


THEN HARLEY CAME PART IN.

I AM THE
FEMMA
RUBBER.

WHOS
DOING THIS?
MEER
YOU?

MMMM.



OK! PUT
A SACK OVER
HER HEAD
THEN!

WHAT! I
DON'T HAVE
TO LISTEN
TO HIS
SHIT!



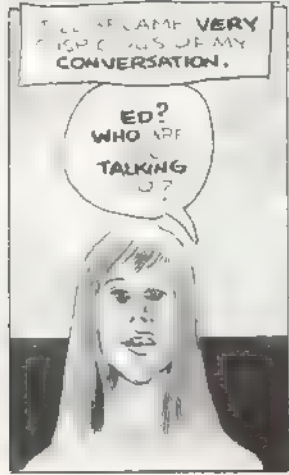
HEY! I'D
EVER
HOW UL
THIS ONE!

GODDAMMIT!
AREN'T YOU
EVER
SERIOUS?



I'LL BECOME VERY
FISHERMAN'S OF MY
CONVERSATION.

ED?
WHO ARE
TALKING
TO?



YOU'RE NOT THE ONE
ELSE HERE
AREN'T YOU? YOU
SON OF A BITCH!



IN INSTINCT SHE SWUNG
OPEN THE CLOSET DOOR
THAT'S WHEN SHE FOUND
HARLEY'S RUBBER DOLL.

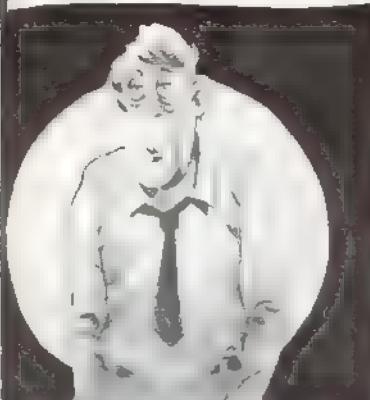


THAT'S WALKED I'LL
OUT OF MY LIFE



34
BROTHER!

MY FACE BEGAN TO SHOW WEAR.
I WAS BECOMING HAGGARD LOOKING

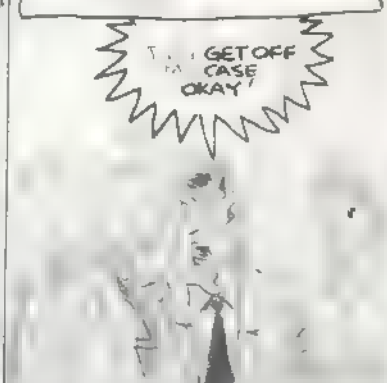


I LOST ALL TRACK OF TIME
THE ROUTINE WITH HARLEY
CONTINUED DAY IN AND DAY OUT.



WHERE'S
SOAP?

I COULDN'T CONTROL
MYSELF I RAGED AT HARLEY
EVERYWHERE I WENT.



GET OFF
CASE
OKAY!

WAS GETTING MORE
FLAKEY AT THE OFFICE TOO!



OH DAMMIT!
I DON'T WANNA
HEAR IT!

I FELT LIKE I HAD A
TERMINAL RASH!



ALWAYS
HAVE
FACE ME
ELEVATOR!

WELL, HE FUCK
UP YOU
AT GODDAMN
EUNUCH!



I COULDN'T FUNCTION NORMAL
LY WITH HARLEY CONSTANTLY
AT ME.



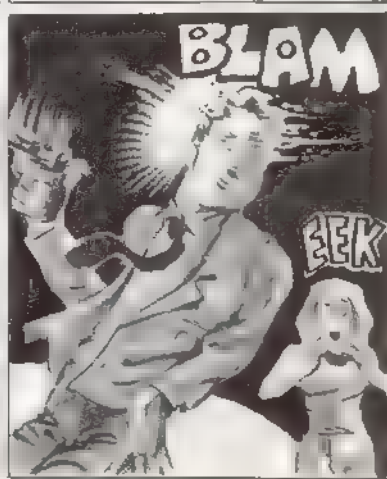
YOU SONOFBITCH!
I'LL GET YOU NOW!

MR. DOWD? YEAH! I'LL GET YOU
NOW! RIGHT HERE!
MR. DOWD? BACK TO MY OFFICE
FOR THE LAST TIME!

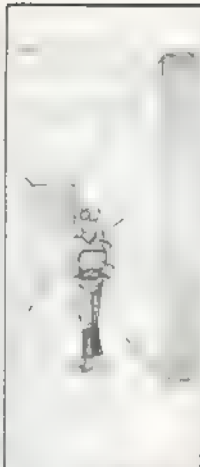


MR.
DOWD?

BLAM



EKK



the

File

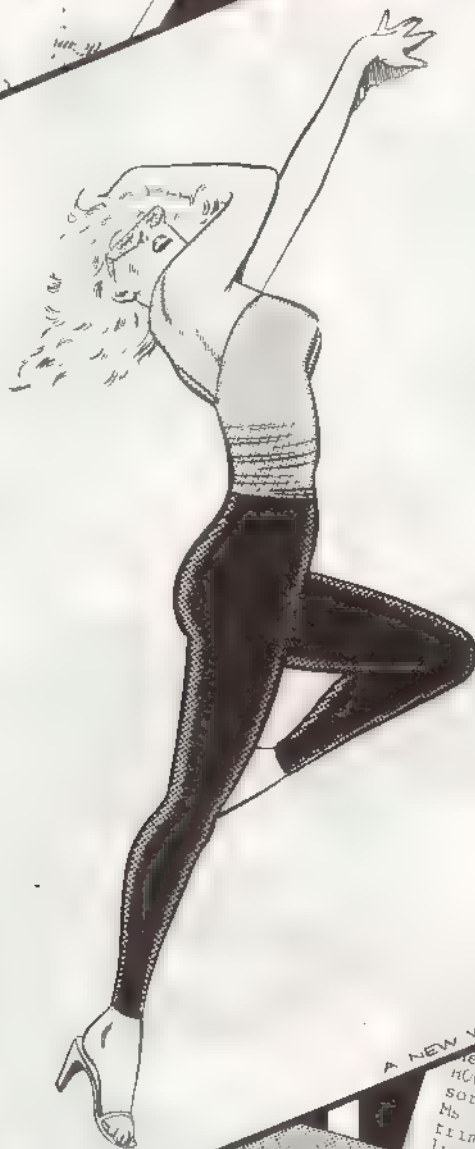
MARILYN

A PICTORIAL ACCOUNT OF THE
LIFE AND TIMES OF

Marilyn Monrobot

©1981
by Terry Beatty





A NEW WAVE
 ted in our previous
 feature) would be making
 new film debut in The Marines
 '80. ROCK & ROLL movie
 sorry, CABBA HERE! We are
 Ms. Machine's scenes
 trimmed from that fall
 luck next time Norma ten

NAME Norma Jean Machine DATA SHEET

BIRTHDATE Aug. 5, 1962

GOALS. To live fast, die young

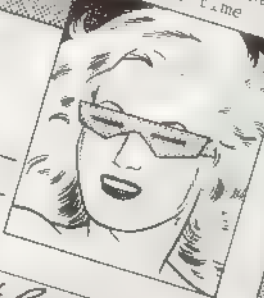
FAVORITE BOOKS. "Death in a Round Black Ball" by Mike Roscoe, "Pop 1280" by Van Thompson and "Son of NAD"

FAVORITE MOVIES "Phantom of the Paradise," "Rock Roll High School" and "Son of Kimo"

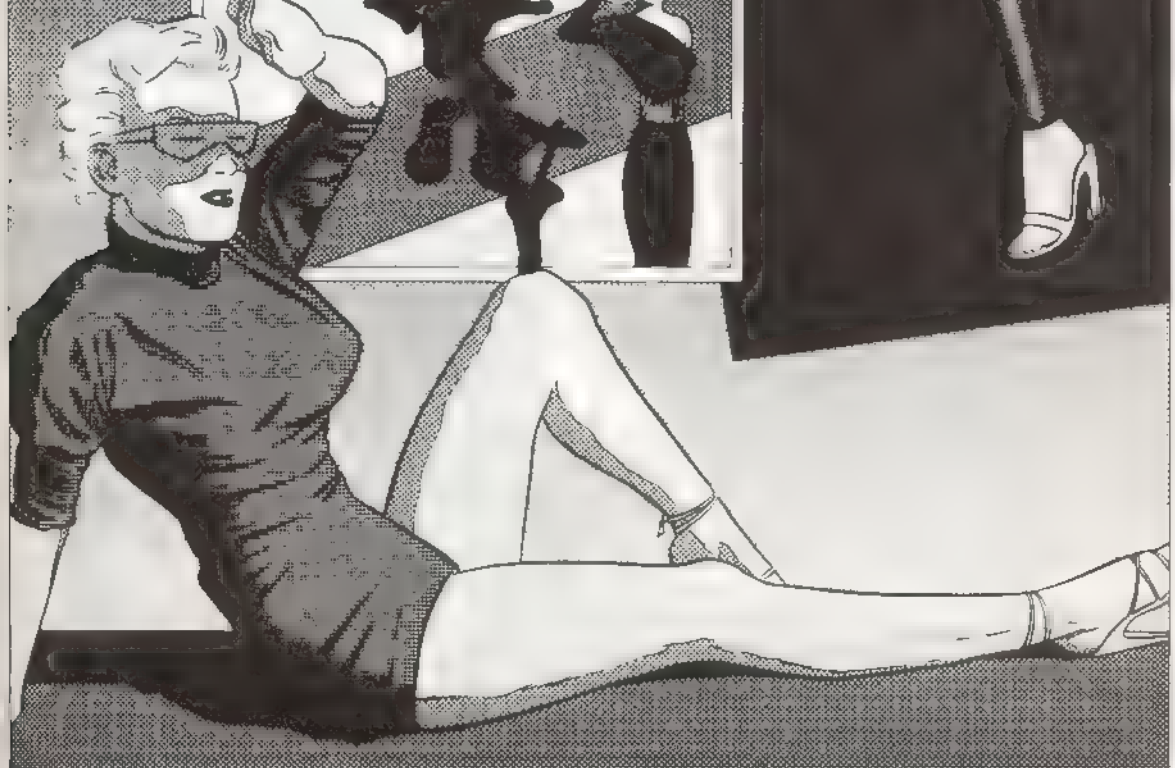
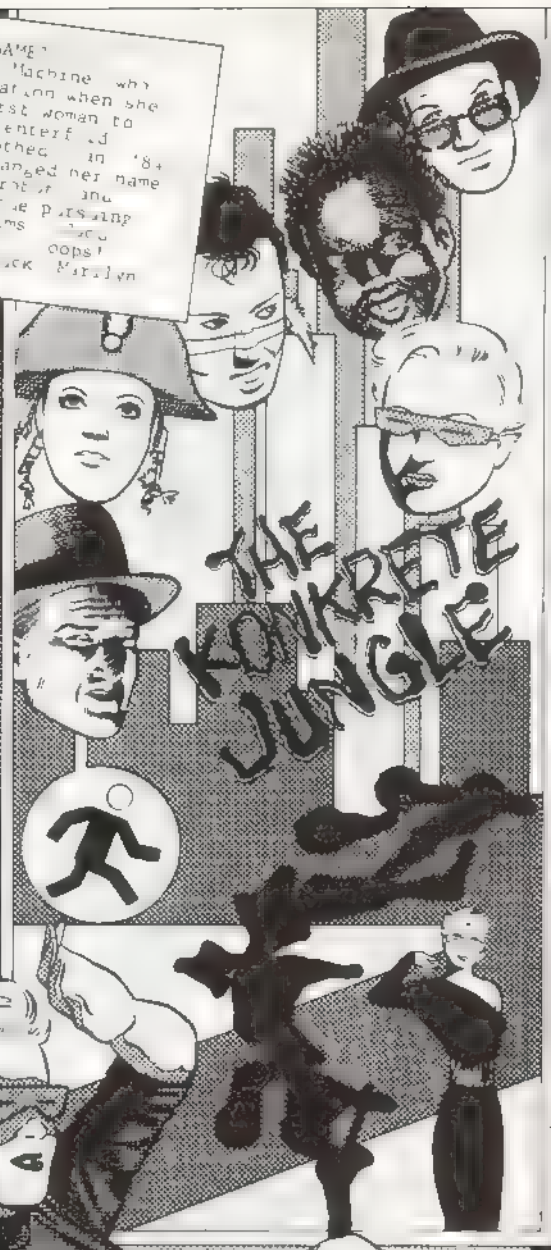
FAVORITE PERSONALITIES and Son of Sam

HOBBIES. No

Ch

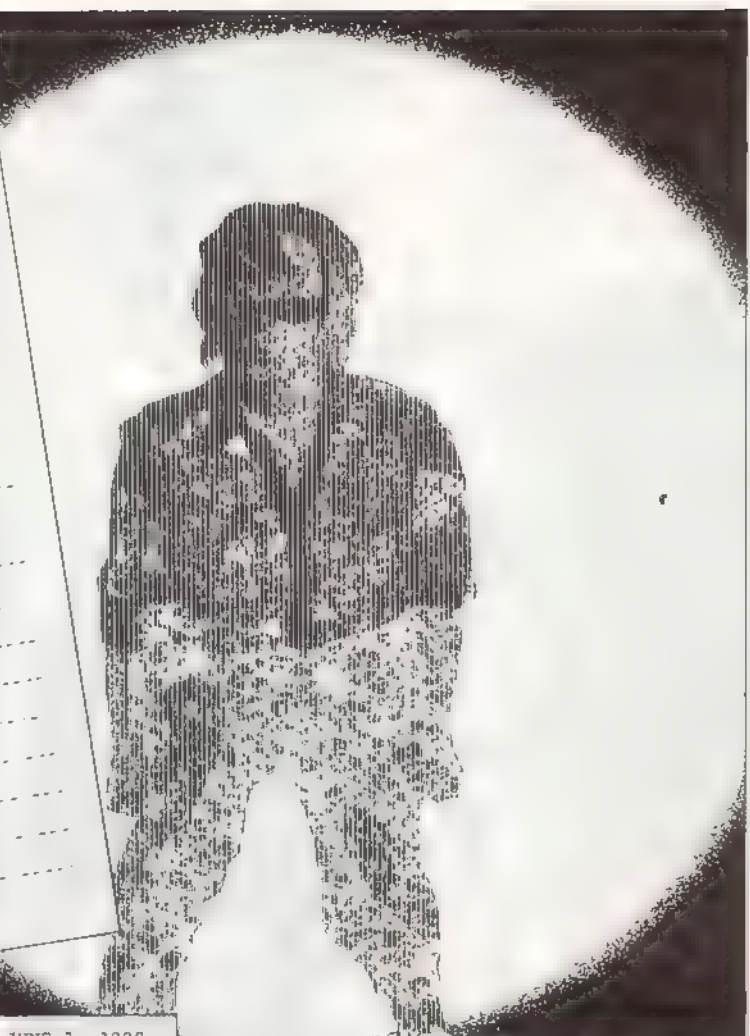


WHAT'S IN A NAME?
A real 'ear machine' who
caused a sensation when she
became the first woman to
pose in a centerfold
completely clothed in '84
has legally changed her name
to Marilyn Monroe and
plans to continue posing
and acting in films.
We mean good luck Marilyn



THE FILMS OF MARILYN MONROBOT

1984 - GABBA HOO! GABBA HEY!
 DANCERO.S TEENS!
 PERSONS OF THE CHORUS
 1986 -
 LUST HAPPY
 A TICKET TO RIDE
 KONKRETE JUNGLE
 ALL ABOUT EVIL
 THE FIREBOMB
 RIGHT WING
 1987 -
 HOMETOWN BORING
 AS LONG AS YOU STEAL
 LUST NEXT
 LET'S BE ILLEGAL
 1988 -
 THE CLASH BY NIGHT
 WE DON'T LIVE TOGETHER
 DON'T BOTHER THE KOCK
 PUNKY BUSINESS
 P w HERMAN'S PLAYHOUSE
 1989 -
 NUCLEAR
 CENITIVE PLUTONIUM BOMBS
 HOW TO BURY A MILLIONAIRE
 1990 -
 RIVER OF NO REFUNDS
 THERE'S NO MUTANTS LIKE O.R
 MUTANTS
 1991 -
 THE SEVERED EAR ITCH
 1992 -
 SUBWAY STOP
 1993 -
 THE PREZ AND THE CALLGIRL
 1995 -
 SOME LIKE IT HOT PINK
 1996 -
 LET'S HAVE SEX
 1997 -
 THE MUTANTS
 1998 -
 NOTHING'S GONNA LIVL

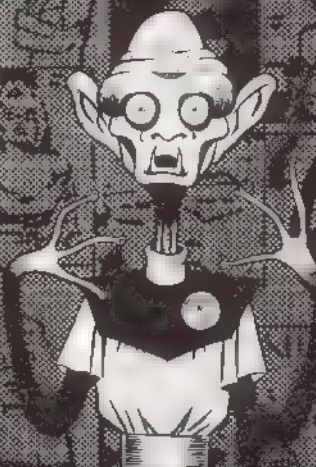


JUNE 1, 1998

Alien spaceships have attacked Earth. Europe has been completely destroyed. The Aliens are heading towards North America. Our weapons are useless against them. There is no hope of survival. Citizens are beginning to panic, and all 24 hour convenience food stores have closed for the day

YES BOYS AND GIRLS, THAT WAS THE END OF PLANET EARTH! AND THE END OF MARILYN MONROBOT. WE OF THE PLANET FLDSTN WIPED OUT THE ENTIRE HUMAN RACE, BUT BEING NOTORIOUS COLLECTORS, PRESERVED AS MUCH OF THE PLANET'S POP CULTURE AS WAS POSSIBLE. I, KRTZMNLDR, HAVE BECOME THE FOREMOST MARILYN MONROBOT COLLECTOR ON FLDSTN. THE ITEMS PICTURED HERE ARE ONLY THE TIP OF THE ICEBERG AS FAR AS MY COLLECTION GOES. STILL, I DON'T HAVE EVERY MARILYN ITEM THAT EXISTS. A FELLOW FLDSTNIAN HAS SEVERAL MOVIE POSTERS I NEED TO MAKE MY COLLECTION COMPLETE. I'LL BE GOING OVER TO HIS DRMNIT LATER THIS EVENING TO BLOW HIS BRAINS OUT AND RAID HIS COLLECTION. NOBODY'S GOING TO KEEP ME FROM COMPLETING MY COLLECTION, BOB DAMNIT!

BY THE WAY, DOES ANYONE OUT THERE HAVE ANY MARILYN MONROBOT ITEMS UP FOR GRABS?





Marilyn Monroe

A HOLLYWOOD FANTASY

Michael Matthews 1981

It was 1949 and the Korean war hadn't yet begun. Winding around trapdoors, strained conversations on tip-toe creaked ominously like shutters in foreboding of the coming apocalyptic storm...

BUT IN AFRICA, MARILYN MONROE ROWED TWO GROWN-UP GORRILLA'S DOWN A FAMOUS RIVER.



I'm responsible for marrying you two. I may not see you again



SHE YAWNED, STRETCHING OUT LANGUIDLY. NOTORIOUSLY BLONDE, SWATHED IN WHITE SILK, SHE HAD RECENTLY COMPLETED HER LATEST MOVIE:



'La Femme et le Big Fat Butly.'

I. I hope you... can be very...very... happy. ...! sniff!



I was made to do things on the back of an elephant...

SHE PURRED, HALF ASLEEP AND NOT REALLY IN THE MOOD FOR TALKING.



'He staggered back, knees together, of the dreaded Goobaba tribe...'

AN OUTRAGEOUS EXPOSÉ OF TRADE UNION SNOBBERY, IT WAS A LAND-MARK IN THE HISTORY OF THE DIRTY MOVIE.

SHE FELL ASLEEP.

**"HE TOLD ME
TO FUCK OFF..."**
**SO I BLEW
HIS BRAINS OUT!**



OH BRAD
YOU'RE SUCH A
BASTARD!
SOB!

SUZIE! NO! NO!

**POW!
POW!
POW!**

BY:
Lucifer M. Matthews ©1981

1 It all began when my fiancée BRAD was humping me like a maniac in his plush downtown apartment ...

'AFTERWARDS' we cooled off in the warm afterglow of orgasm .



GIT THAT KEISTER
SQUIRMIN' BABY...!
GRUNT!

OH
BRAD!
MORE...!
DEEPER!
URNCKN' Umm!



SIGH! YOU RING MY
BELL EVERY
TIME, BRAD...!

FUCK! MY
PRONG'S RED
RAW!

It was fuckin' idyllic .
But then brad hit me where it hurts .

YOU'RE GOOD AT
SCREWING , DOLL .

SIGH , I KNOW ... !

HOW WOULD YOU
LIKE TO DO IT FULL
TIME , OUT ON THE
STREETS ... ?
WE COULD MAKE
A FORTUNE IN
NO TIME , KID !

I was pained to the piss-flaps !

BRAD ! THAT'S THE MOST INSULTING
THING ANYONE'S EVER SAID TO ME !

C'MON , JUST A
BUSINESS PROPOSITION
YOU'D LOVE IT ... !

AND IF I DON'T WANT TO DO IT ... ?

THEN YOU
CAN FUCK OFF !
I NEED MONEY
BAD ... !

BRAD ,
SOB DO YOU
REALLY
MEAN
IT . ?
SOB !

YEP !

Well , I let him
have it

One in the brains , one in the
belly and one in the balls
for luck . The cops burst in and
caught me red-handed .

I DID IT AND
I'M GLAD , SWIFF !

DROP IT !

Oh , the court case was *GHASTLY* !
The judge was a *difficult bastard*
to fool with my 'Little Miss Innocent'
act .

But I didn't do *too*
badly . Two years
in the State Pen .

And it was *there* that I at last
found my *True Love* ... !

SOB HE .. HE
PUT HIS .. THING'
IN ... INTO MY ...
THING' ... AND ...
WOOOHOOH
WAIL !

Les Boss

WOMEN'S
PRISON

CONTRESS
JENA CALDOE

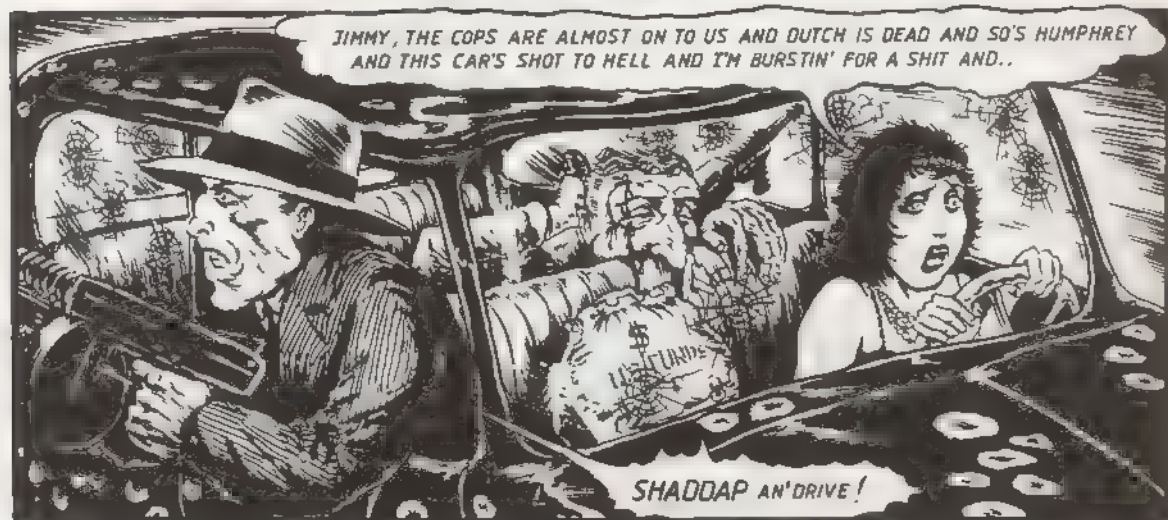
OH PANSY ,
MY DARLING !

BUTCH

THE END

CRIME DOES NOT PAY!

PUBLIC ENEMY NUMBER ONE, JAMES 'PSYCHO MAD-DOG MACHINE-GUN KILLER' GITSCHITZ, HIS LOVELY MOLL GLORIA AND HIS GANG FLEE FROM JUSTICE AFTER A MILLION DOLLAR BANK ROBBERY.



A SHORT WAY AHEAD A GRIM BUILDING
SQUATS ON SQUALID SWAMPLAND.



WITHIN, A GAGGLE OF RICH DRUG PEDDLARS ARE
HOLDING THEIR ANNUAL CONVENTION.



HEROIN IS
THE OPIUM OF
THE PEOPLE!

HEE HEE HEE
HA HONOHEEHA!

FUCKIN' COCK-
SUCKER SHORT-
CHANGED ME
ON A DEAL
SO

LISTEN, I
GOT SOME-
THIN' REALLY
SPECIAL...

MEANWHILE, IN A NEARBY
GRAVEYARD FULL OF DEAD
JUNKIES, SOMETHING...

NOXIOUS STIRS THE MIRE
OF RANCID FETID MUCK...

FUCK FART FUNK FACK!
I SNEEL THE SNIFF
OF CHINESE SHACK...!



KEITH, SIDNEY, ALEISTER AND ALL
THEIR DEAD PALS GATHER...

HMM! THE DESPICABLE TURD
THAT CAUSED MY EARLY
DECEASEMENT IS NEAR...

MINE TOO!
MINE TOO!



I THINK WE SHOULD GO OVER
THERE AND SHOVE THEIR HEADS
UP THEIR ASSHOLES.

SO THE UNHOLY CLAN LURCH
OFF TO WREAK VENGEANCE.



IT WAS TO THIS SCENE
THAT JAMES AND
GLORIA ARRIVED...
SEEKING SANCTUARY
FROM THE LAW.

RIGHT!
GET OUT...!
WE'LL HOLD 'EM
OFF HERE.



IF ANYBODY LOOKS AT
US FUNNY, BLOW THEIR
FUCKIN' HEADS OFF.

OH, I HOPE THERE'S
PLENTY OF TOILET-
PAPER INSIDE...!



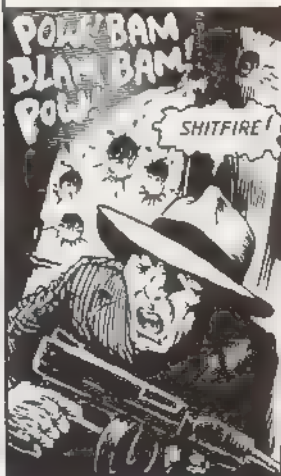
THEY BURST IN SOMEWHAT UNEXPECTEDLY ON SOME PUSHERS DISCUSS NG BUSINESS TRENDS IN THE LOBBY.



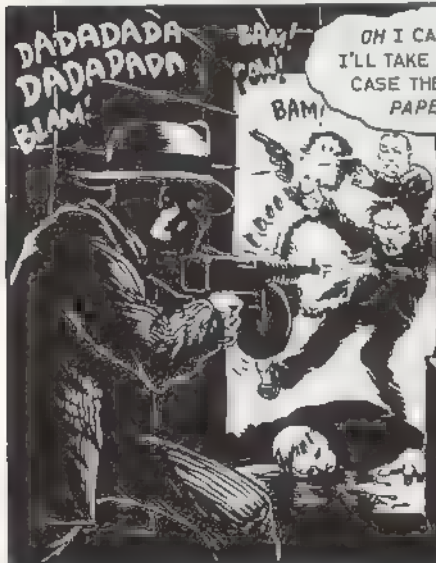
BELIEVING JAMES TO BE A SURPRISE POLICE RAID, THE DEALERS PULLED THEIR GUNS..



AND OPENED UP.



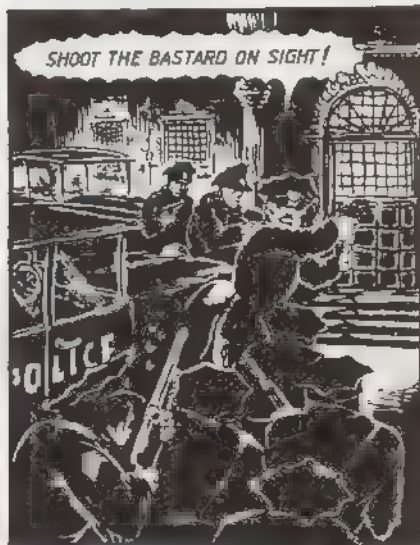
RETREATING DOWN CRAMPED CORRIDORS, JIM AND GLORIA BEAT OFF THE HYSTERICAL PUSHERS.



OH I CAN'T WAIT! I'LL TAKE THIS JUST IN CASE THERE'S NO PAPER. !



MEANWHILE, THE COPS HAD CAUGHT UP WITH THEIR PREY AND WERE SET TO POUNCE...



OTHER UNINVITED 'GUESTS' HAD INVADDED THE HOTEL, AS GLORIA FOUND TO HER COST AS SHE SLOWLY DIED, THE VICTIM OF MISTAKEN IDENTITY BY A DIM-EYED CORPSE.



WITH THE COPS ARRIVAL THE SHIT REALLY HIT THE FAN !



THE PUSHERS FELL BACK, STRAIGHT INTO THE CLAMMY CLAWS OF THE LIVING DEAD THAT WERE ONCE THEIR FAITHFUL CUSTOMERS.

JAMES WENT IN SEARCH OF GLORIA AND HIS LOOT.



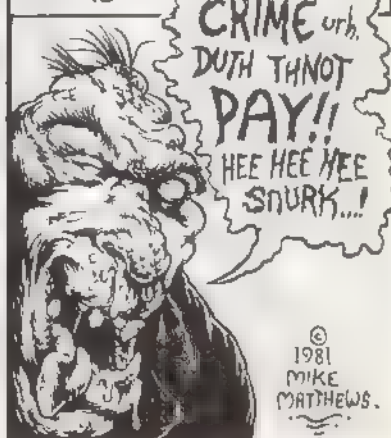
THE BATTLE RAGED THROUGHOUT THE HOUSE. EACH PARTY WAS THE OTHER'S DREADED ENEMY AND FRENZIEDLY THEY BEAT, RIPPED AND SHOT THE LIVIN' PISS OUT OF EACH OTHER, COMPLETELY RUINING THE CARPET.



MEANWHILE, IN HIS LOFTY TOWER, THE HOTEL'S DESPOTIC POWER-CRAZED OWNER EXCITEDLY SURVEYS THE CARNAGE, MASTURBATING FURIOUSLY AT THIS AMAZING REALISATION OF HIS BRILLIANT PLANS.



FOR, YOU SEE, HE HAD SOMEHOW ARRANGED ALL THIS, TO PROVE A FINE MORAL POINT, WHICH IS:



© 1981
MIKE
MATTHEWS.

MURDER

MORPHINE

AND

Mother

© 1981

M. MATTHEWS

BAM!
BAM!
BAM!

IT'S
ALRIGHT
MA!

I'LL GET YOU
OUT OF THIS
FUCKIN' CHAOTIC
SITUATION
SOMEHOW...!

I'LL GET YOUR
'DRUG HABIT'
STRAIGHTENED
OUT!

THEN WE'LL
BE JUST FINE...!

ZOMBIE Romance

-PRESENTS-

A TRUE STORY!

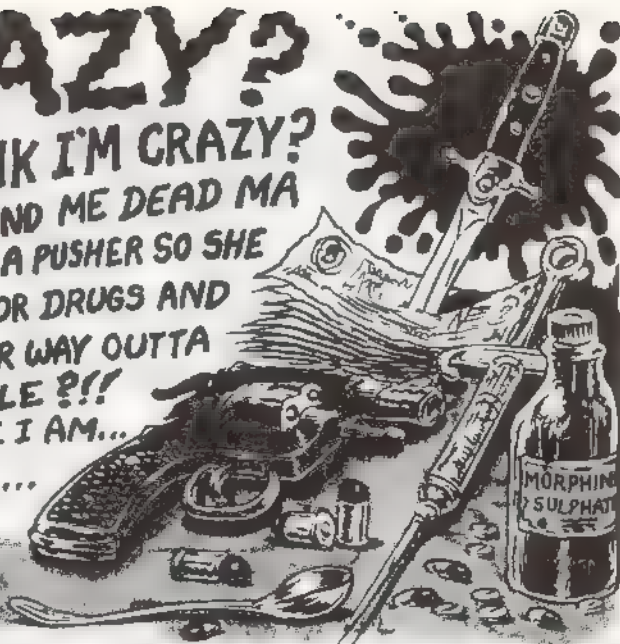
From Actual Police Files!!!

(ONLY THE NAMES, CHARACTERS AND INCIDENTS)
HAVE BEEN CHANGED TO PROTECT THE URP



CRAZY?

YOU THINK I'M CRAZY?
LUGGIN' AROUND ME DEAD MA
LOOKIN' FOR A PUSHER SO SHE
CAN SCORE FOR DRUGS AND
SHOOTIN' OUR WAY OUTTA
TROUBLE?!?
WELL MAYBE I AM...
BUT... IT ALL...
STARTED...
LET'S SEE,
ABOUT A
YEAR AGO...



My name is Charles Blaindexter. I was just a normal, average working man.



One day I came home from work early to find...



OH GOD! MY MOTHER... A DOPE FIEND!

AAH, STOP YOUR YOWLIN'! THE
CHINESE LAUNDRY MAN TOLD ME
TO TRY IT OUT TO EASE MY PILES.
IT WORKS A TREAT!
PFFFFH!



She started smoking the 'dope' openly in front of me.
Our house became a regular opium den



Little did I know happiness has a high price...

Soon the opium ceased to be effective. She resorted to regular daily injections of morphine...



BUT MOTHER, ARE YOU SURE IT'S SAFE?!

YEAH! THE DOCTOR GAVE T ME TO TAKE THE CRAVING FOR OPIUM AWAY!

The morphine dosage increased. She needed more and more. All my money paid for her "drug habit". But still it wasn't enough!



BUT... MOTHER! THERE'S NO MORE MONEY TO BUY IT WITH!

OH PLEASE SON, PLEASE GET ME SOMETHING OH PLEASE FOR YOUR POOR OLD SICK MA "GASP!" Oh PLEASE "GASP!" I'M DYING! PLEASE "SOB!"

So I had to resort to crime!



GIMME YOUR DOUGH!

ALRIGHT! DON'T SHOOT!

It also meant clandestine meetings with furtive characters to secure certain illegal "substances".



LISTEN, DIS IS GRADE 'A' SMACK...!

But still it wasn't enough!

Even after all her teeth fell out and she'd been reduced to a walking skeleton, she begged for more. It was horrible!



PHBLEASH SHUN! MOOORE!! KROAK!

MOTHER..!

One day I came home to find.



BIG SCORE MA, I MA! GASP! CHOKE!

It was a simple ceremony.



ASHES TO ASHES..

I visited her every day, of course.



HI MA! I BROUGHT YOU A PRESENT!

Instead of flowers I brought her syringes in pots of morphine

But soon just talking to a headstone and a heap of dirt wasn't enough! I had to see her again!



Maybe this whole thing had sent me a little crazy, but as soon as I saw Ma's smiling face, prettied up by the mortician, I didn't care, we were back together again!



I knew what she'd want right away. We revisited my old haunts.



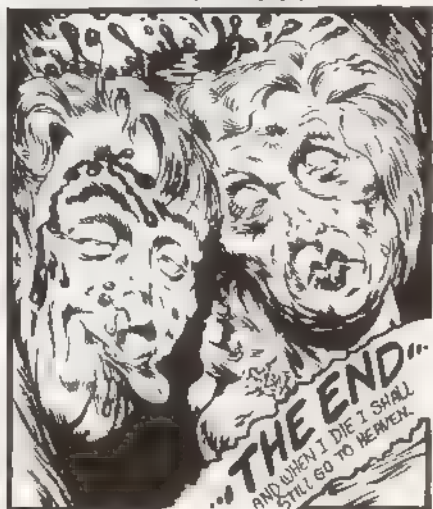
But however much 'stuff' I pumped into her, it didn't seem to have any effect... I grew hysterically desperate.



Finally, as we rambled through the city, the law caught up with us.



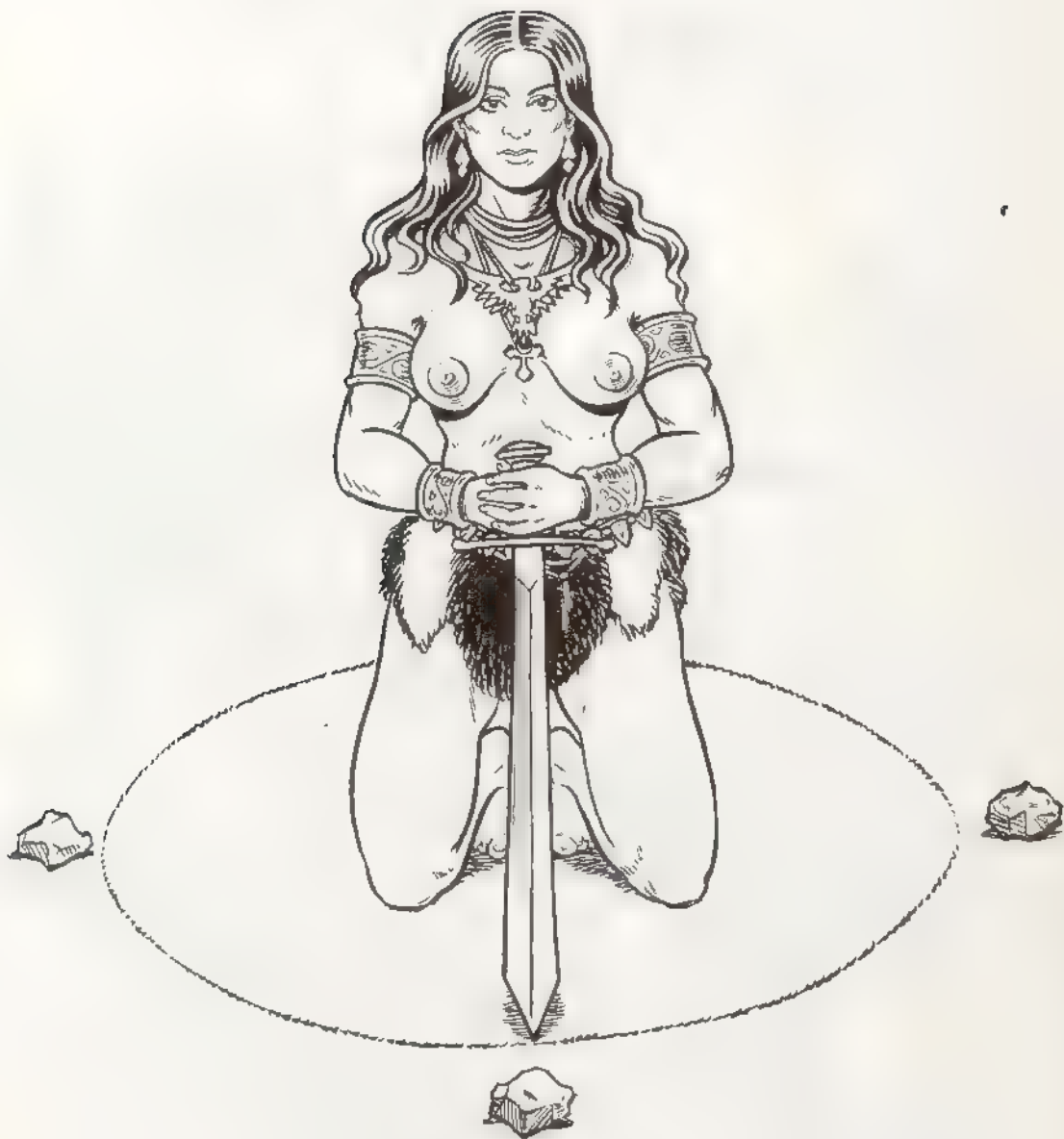
And so as we died in a pool of blood and formaldehyde, I smiled, knowing this... yes, this would have been the way she would have wanted it to end.







Bradley
Mudgett
1981



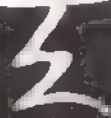


YIN/YANG

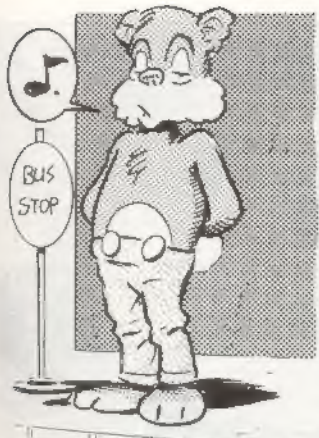
©1981 Kinney

WHEN I SEE THE GLORY,
I AIN'T GOT TO WORRY.

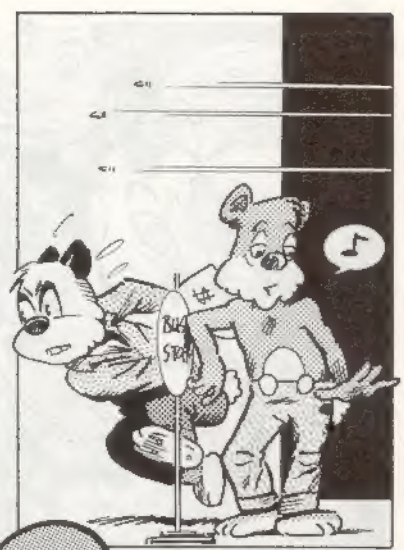
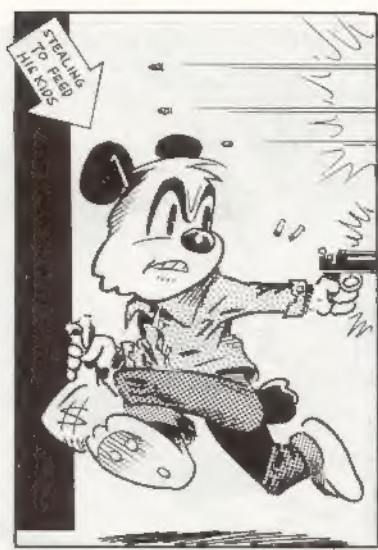
TELEVISION



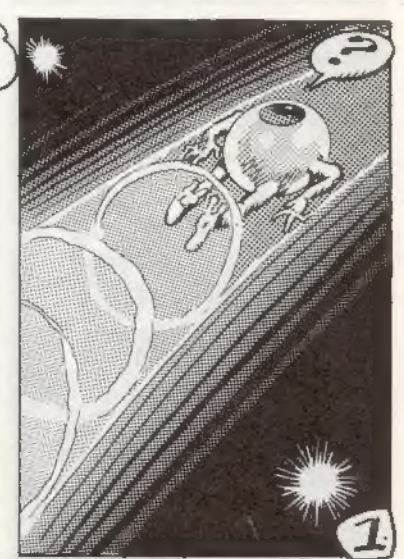
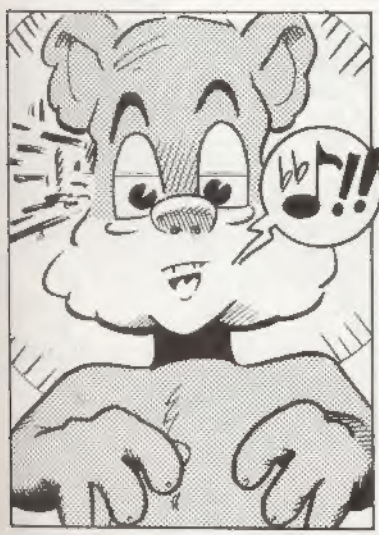
SEE
NO EVIL
© 1981
RYAN

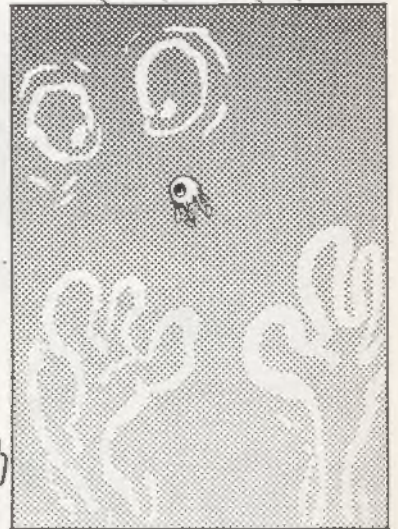
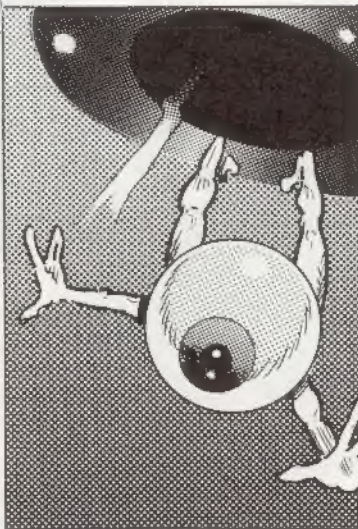


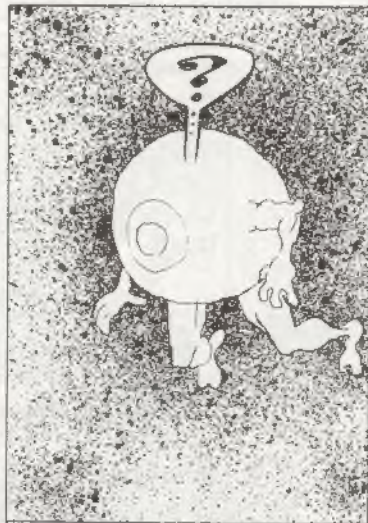
FOR KEN PLETCHER. © 1990 SIROIS

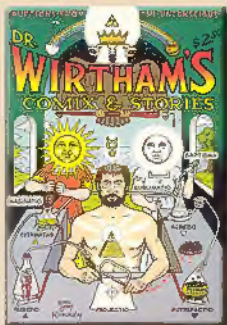


Death Trip









Dr. Wirtham's Comix & Stories #7 & 8

Published 1983

(1st edition)

Clifford Neal

\$2.50

100 pages

Printed of 7 copies

6 3/4" x 9 7/8"

ISBN:

Sir Real's

UNDERGROUND COMIX CLASSIX

Stories:

#7

- 1 - The Alchemist
- 2 - Drawn from an Artery
- 3 - Sick Claws Conquers the Weird Dicks
- 12 - Mother Goose
- 20 - White Feather
- 34 - The Harvest
- 39 - Miss Story-Miss Story
- 45 - In Our Midst
- 48 - Binary Systems Analysis Primer
- 50 - Jungle Sugar

#8

- 1 - You Call This Art?
- 2 - Fred The Couch
- 3 - Shooty Beagle Goes to the Mall
- 7 - Obsession

Artists:

#7

- Jay Kinney - 1, 88
Terry Beatty - 2
Rickey Gimes - 3-11
Eric Vincent - 12-18
Joe Zabel - 20-33
Mark Nelson - 34-38
Neil Clifford (aka "Dialt Egaux") - 39-44, 48-49
Doug Potter - 45-47
Robert Williams - 50-51

#8

- Gregg Budgett - 1+, 3-6+
Gary Dumm - 1+, 3-6+
Greg Irons - 2
Bruce Younger - 2
Bruce V. Kalins - 7-13(a)
Lornax - 7-13(a)
Peter Bagge - 14-18
Mike Roberts - 18-26
Terry Beatty - 27-38
Mike Matthews - 31-41
Bradley Mudgett - 42-43
Jay Kinney - 44-45
Jim Ryan - 46
AJ Siros - 47-48

14 - Sleezball

19 - Harley

27 - The Marilyn File

31 - Marilyn Monroe

32 - He Told Me To Fuck Off

34 - Crime Does Not Pay

38 - Murder, Morphine, and Mother

42 - Beaver Lake

43 - Fill Her Up

44 - Barbaressa

45 - Yin-Yang

46 - See No Evil

47 - Death Trip

Comments:

Double Issue